

Week ending January 10 1953 Every Wednesday Fourpence

# JOHN BULL

Starting this week:

**TAKE IT FROM ME**

by

**JIMMY  
EDWARDS**



MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE PREFER

# BRYLCREEM

## FOR CLEAN GROOMING

**BECAUSE**

the pure oils in  
BRYLCREEM are  
emulsified to  
prevent excessive  
oiliness

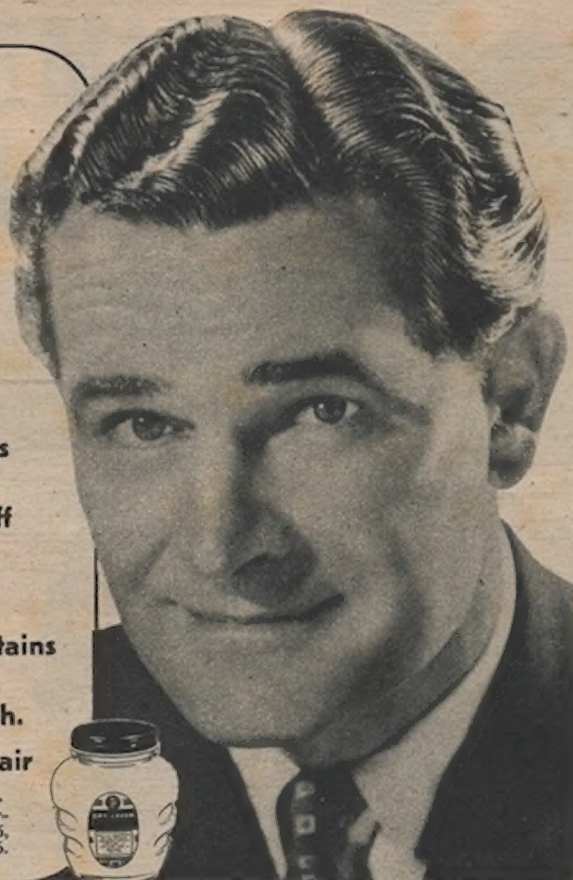
**BECAUSE**

with massage  
BRYLCREEM ensures  
a clean scalp,  
free from dandruff

**BECAUSE**

BRYLCREEM contains  
no gum, no soap,  
no spirit, no starch.  
Brylcreem your hair

*Brylcreem, the perfect hair-  
dressing, comes in tubs 1/8, 2/6,  
and 4/6, or handy tubes 2/6.*



royds 110/86



**NO  
COUGHING  
TONIGHT**  
*thanks to*  
**VENO'S**



**VENO'S WILL STOP  
NIGHT COUGHS,  
CHILDREN'S COUGHS,  
THROAT AND CHEST  
SORENESS**  
1/8 and 2/10  
per bottle

IF you've a bottle of VENO'S in the house  
you can quickly get rid of a cough. VENO'S  
Cough Mixture removes the immediate  
causes of coughing. It soothes the irritation  
of a dry cough and loosens tenacious phlegm.

Whenever there's a cough in your house  
turn to VENO'S. It can safely be given  
to children.

Take  
**VENO'S**  
*LIGHTNING*  
**COUGH MIXTURE**

do you  
take  
cold . . .



or do  
you take  
**CROOKES!**



**CROOKES HALIBUT OIL**  
The stronger capsule for greater protection  
Rich in 'protective' Vitamin A and  
'sunshine' Vitamin D  
FROM CHEMISTS ONLY · 2/5 FOR 2/6, 10/6 FOR 8/6

### ARE YOU GROWING NERVY AND DEPRESSED?

If you're depressed, irritable, nervous and  
jumpy, it means your body needs more  
Vitamin B, the nerve-builder, on which  
your whole nervous system depends. If  
your food contains too little Vitamin B,  
your nerves will go to pieces. Increase the  
supply, and you will soon feel restored and  
re-invigorated. You won't worry so much,  
won't be so easily irritated or depressed.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast Tablets  
with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural  
source of all the B Vitamins, and you'll be  
amazed what difference this will make to  
your whole well-being. Your digestion will  
improve; you'll lose your headaches and  
feel brighter and fitter in every way.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today.  
It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact;  
it contains no drugs or harmful ingredients  
and it is bound to do you good. But be sure  
to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast.

At all Chemists 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9

If tickling throat won't let you sleep  
I know a plan that's sound and cheap



8½d. and 1/4 tins, 5½d. an oz. loose

## Hold the line

ON November 6, 1940, a woman living in Newport, Mon., applied for a telephone. Twelve years later, she is still without a phone, one of the 447,986 people in Great Britain on the waiting list.

The G.P.O. has promised to look into the matter. But she is still without a telephone.

The national telephone service is no longer either fully efficient or cheap.

USERS of the 5,663,000 telephones leased from the G.P.O. can envy the citizens of Hull. While the rest of us have to find threepence in a phone booth, the callers from Hull's green-painted boxes still pay only twopence. For £7 10s. any one of the 39,000 subscribers in Hull gets five hundred calls.



MR. HARRIS  
sound business lines . . .

A comparable domestic subscriber elsewhere pays £8 10s. for the same number. A London businessman has to pay almost double, £14 2s. 6d.

The reason is that the telephone system in Hull is not run by the G.P.O. It is a municipal enterprise.

The Manager of the Hull Telephone Service, Mr. Hugh Harris, a forty-seven year old former G.P.O. traffic superintendent, says:

"Here in Hull we run the telephones for the benefit of the local community. We are sensitive to local requirements and needs. In other words, it is run on sound business lines."

It is true that the G.P.O. has heavy trunk expenses and performs such feats as running cables up mountain sides. And it is true that the Hull waiting list is proportionately nearly as long as the national total.

But there is no doubt that the Post Office could do a great deal better and more cheaply.

A 1950 report of the Select Committee on Estimates disclosed that an annual revenue of £18 million is lost because the public demand for telephones cannot be satisfied.

Those already waiting would produce around £6 million, and it was reckoned that another million people would apply for a service if it was available.

THE public wants the telephones. But before the Post Office can supply them it needs a Treasury grant for new exchanges, cable routes and equipment.

This interminable "holding the line" without a telephone at the end of it is bitterly frustrating and could be remedied. The Treasury must hand over the money—and quickly.

## THIS WEEK'S COVER

BURNING sands, tropic seas, and Marta Blythe in a pulsating, exotic drama. . . . "Brrr, let's get inside quick," says the man with a red nose. The couple at the head of the cinema queue are in no hurry, of course. They have their own romance to keep them warm. Cover artist William Showell, who began his career as a cinema poster artist, is a film fan, too—but when it comes to queuing in the snow, he prefers to sit by the fire with a good book.



## Fight Mouth Acid & save your teeth

Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're 40? Dentists say this is largely due to mouth-acid and advise 'Milk of Magnesia'\* as the most effective way to dispel it.

One toothpaste and one only contains 'Milk of Magnesia' and that is — Phillips' Dental Magnesia Toothpaste. So give yourself a real chance of keeping your teeth . . . healthy, attractive and free from harmful mouth-acid. Start using Phillips' now!



PRICES  
STILL KEPT DOWN!

... ONLY 1'6 & 2'3

\* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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BOOT POLISH  
BLACK

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4½d. tin also available

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family  
needs

the  
**Remington**  
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Money back if not  
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THE new 1953 Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair (SC10) is an outburst of example not only of VALUE, but of COMFORT and BEAUTY as well. The wonderfully generous upholstery and the improved "hollowed" back afford the utmost comfort to shoulders, back and head, whilst additional comfort and support are given by the resilient softness of the "rubberised hair" in the arms. The exclusive automatic Superlax action lets you change from upright to lounging position without leaving the chair. The Coverings, which you can choose to match your room, are both handsome and durable. Send coupon now for colourful FREE Catalogue and patterns of Coverings.

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1953  
**SUPERLAX**  
WITH EXCLUSIVE  
ADJUSTABLE  
BACK AND SEAT

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## FREE SPEECH

### The changing nature of the cold germ

**A**S successive winters impose their toll of colds I have noticed that the type of cold seems to change from year to year. One winter, everybody will be complaining of a cold in the head. The next, it is a cold on the chest. The following year, it may be that the cold brings with it some stomach trouble. This year, the sufferers whom I meet have chest colds with a dry, hacking cough.

Our family doctor confirmed my observations. The answer, he explained, is the nature of the germ itself. Twenty years ago, for example, scarlet fever was a dangerous and often fatal disease. Today it is a minor one. The cause is not so-called wonder drugs, but a change in the fever virus—it has become less deadly. The cold germ changes, too, bringing different effects, irrespective of climate. Germs reproduce by millions every hour, and are no exception to the rule of constant change. Eventually we hope to eliminate influenza, but we are much less sure about the cold germ. He is a very persistent and healthy fellow, with many disguises. —R. C. F., Cambridge.

#### Cold Comfort

DRESSED in a vest, nightgown and cardigan, and wearing bedsocks, I edged between thick flannelette blankets, pulled up four more blankets, an eiderdown and a bedspread, and said a few hard words about the rigours of living in a cold concrete house. With misgivings I eyed your series "I Lived With The Eskimos," by Roger Buliard. By the time I had read it, I not only felt that Eskimos must be the bravest people on earth, but I felt warm as well. —Mrs. J. GUNTER, Mansfield, Notts.

This week's instalment of Roger Buliard's real-life adventures starts on page 14.

#### Severest Test

MY young wife, whom I think is quite a good cook, decided that there was room for improvement. So she joined a local cookery class, and each week she has brought home what she has cooked. Each week it has been awful.



Before she was taught the "right way," she had cooked some of the dishes at home, and they were excellent. My wife thinks that it is the instructor who is at fault. Although qualified for her job, the instructor has never had her cooking put to the severest practical test—a husband. —J. S. G., Cardiff.

#### Double Means Two

WHY do hotel managers, who spend money on the comfort and convenience of their guests in all other

directions, fail to provide two keys for couples staying in double rooms? Husband and wife may be very attached to each other, but they do, on occasions, go out at different times and return separately. In hotels where the key has to be left at the desk, a wife is quite likely to trail upstairs under the impression that her husband is in, only to find the door locked and the key in the porter's office. Husbands, no doubt, suffer far more in this respect. —MRS. R. CUNNINGHAM, Pembroke Square, London, W.2.

#### The Liberators

DURING the war, a friend had a similar experience to that of Matt

In John Bull, January 24

### THE TERRIBLE RIDE OF COLONEL TESSIER

A brilliant new long story  
by GERALD KERSH

Freeland, who wrote about the American girl who thought there was a bridge between Britain and France ("Free Speech," November 15). He was waiting for a bus in Boston, Massachusetts, when a citizen of Boston asked him where he came from. "Scotland," was the reply. There was a moment's pause. Then the American gave my friend a hearty slap on the shoulder and said, "Never mind, son, we'll soon win it back for you." —A. J. G. DAVID, Capel Bangor, Aberystwyth.

#### Open Locks

NOT only householders leave their front door keys within easy reach of all and sundry, including burglars ("Free Speech," December 20). I saw a policeman get off his bicycle outside the police office in the house where he lived, grope about beside the door, produce a key and enter. —MRS. L. J. NORMAN, J.P., Worthing Road, Laindon, Essex.

One of our employees was sent to deliver a load of coal in a nearby village. He returned to say that the occupants were out, but had left a note pinned on the door reading, "Key under the mat." —W. M., Stroud, Glos.

#### Condemn In Haste

SOME years ago two men started talking about me in my office. A thin partition separated us, and they obviously did not know that I was on the other side. For several minutes they paid me the highest possible tributes. I had openly expressed my dislike for one of these men, but I found that my attitude had been unjustified. A few moments' involuntary eavesdropping gave me a lesson for life. —Vic LEWIS, Bromham, Chippenham, Wilts.

#### Cost Of Working

EVERY Saturday I work for eight hours as a sales assistant in a large store. Although I am employed only eight hours a week, I have to pay a full week's insurance, which is 4s. 6d. My employer contributes 3s. 11d. At the end of the day I am left with

7s. 6d., while the government collects 8s. 5d. —Miss P. M. (Student), Aberdeen.

Contributions must be paid if the employment is four or more hours a week (eight hours if the employment is in cleaning or other domestic work), says the Ministry of National Insurance.

#### Pleasing The Male

FOR the first time I have met a barber who did not discuss the racing prospects, delve into boring details of football or offer an explanation for the most baffling international problems, but who paid attention to the way I wanted my hair cut. At the finish, I got a pleasant smile instead of a tip-hungry look. The barber was a woman. —A. G., Aberdeen.



#### Brighter Business

WHEN I have goods in my small grocery shop which I cannot clear, I place them all together, marked with their original prices, beside a large notice reading: "All goods in this tray can be bought at Your Price." The majority of customers give me half the marked price. The goods are soon cleared and my trade is helped, as customers call again to see what's new in the tray. —P. H. M., Colchester, Essex.

#### Ancient Trusty

THE fifty-year-old Peugeot motor car in Bill Morden's cover painting (JOHN BULL, November 15), is the car in which my wife and I toured the Continent in 1950-51. We covered 1,500 miles without a breakdown. The five horse-power engine is "oversquare," the bore being greater than the stroke. Maximum speed is about thirty-five m.p.h., petrol con-



Veteran Peugeot, by Morden

sumption is twenty-five m.p.g., and oil (by hand pump) about one pint per fifty miles on a cool day. On steep hills the brakes will not quite stop the car, so it has to be put into bottom gear with the engine switched off. Absolute limit for a day's run is 150 miles, at the end of which the driver is exhausted. It says much for the workmanship built into these veterans when I say that this car was a delivery van in Reading for the first thirty years of its life. In the Paris trials, it came in second against younger cars with bigger engines. The car is now owned by my father in England. —NEIL A. SMITH, 60 Central Avenue, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

#### Drawn Extras

CURIOSITY overcame me when I saw a colleague in my office laboriously covering the face of a postal order with large crosses. When I asked him what he was doing, he replied that the instruction from his football pool was to cross postal orders when enclosing them with coupons. —W. T., Coventry.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

**MOTHER OF FIVE (38) AND PENSIONER (72) BOTH SAY:**

# Fynnon Salt relieved their rheumatic pain

Their experience offers hope to Britain's one million sufferers... and to YOU!

*'I really must tell you... the wonderful relief Fynnon Salt gives', writes 38 year old Mrs. Hetty Edwards, Stamford Hill, London. 'I am the mother of 5 children and cannot afford to... be off my feet. I get attacks of Fibrositis in the back and for months have suffered agony... the last time I got it so severely I was ordered to be flat on my back for weeks—but someone recommended Fynnon Salt. Now at the first sign of pain I take it. The results are marvellous.'*

Mr. W. H. Gillett, 72, gardener and oldest member of the Headcorn, Kent, British Legion branch, shares Mrs. Edwards' enthusiasm for Fynnon. *'I am an Old Age Pensioner, several years ago I suffered with Rheumatism and for a long time I could not get my arm up to shave,' Mr. Gillett writes. 'I took to taking your Fynnon Salts and am still taking them, my Rheumatism has disappeared thanks to your Salts. I always recommend them to my friends.'*



AGED 38

*No one would believe that Mrs. Edwards used to be bed-ridden with rheumatism to see how easily she copes with housework—including a spot of decorating! Five children and a husband on shift work don't leave much time for rest!*



AGED 72

*A few years ago Mr. Gillett's arms were so painful he could work only a few hours a day at gardening which is both his occupation and his hobby. Now, at 72, he does a vigorous day's work and quite recently bought himself a new bicycle!*

THESE experiences of a busy young housewife and an active older man are only two of the many real stories which come unsolicited to the Fynnon offices every week. They tell of the amazing relief which Fynnon Salt has brought to thousands of sufferers from rheumatism.

These stories are not surprising when you consider that Fynnon Salt provides a treatment which accords with modern scientific findings on rheumatism. The findings confirm that improper elimination of impurities from the system frequently accompanies and contributes to rheumatic conditions—such as neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, fibrositis and gout.

## Two-Way Action

The action of the natural salts in Fynnon provides a two-way attack to clear away rheumatism—

causing impurities from the system:

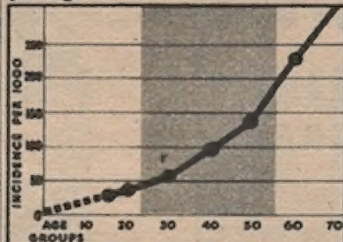
1. It is an effective but gentle laxative working on the scientific principle of osmosis. This natural process utilises body fluid, filtered through the intestinal tissues, to rid the system of waste matter.
2. It acts as a diuretic, flushing and clearing the kidneys and reducing the concentration of impurities in the blood—the approved treatment for certain rheumatic conditions.

## Not only old people suffer

Today medical science is mobilising its resources for the fight against rheumatism with the establishment of special clinics throughout the country. Although much remains to be learned before this disease is fully understood, the therapeutic value of the natural salts in Fynnon is evinced by the relief

it has brought to thousands of rheumatic sufferers.

What recent medical investigation has revealed is the widespread incidence of rheumatism, and the surprising extent to which it is able to strike victims among the middle-aged and even the young.



The chart shows that the incidence of rheumatism is greatest among the over 65's.

But what is less well known is the revelation that rheumatic diseases attack so many people between the ages of 25 and 45. Numerous cases whose full effects are not experienced until later

life get their start during these critical middle years.

## Act on first twinges

Specialists who have studied rheumatism are insistent that if early rheumatic pains are not ignored but are given prompt treatment, much of the subsequent misery and crippling effect of rheumatism can be avoided.

Don't shrug off the first rheumatic twinges. This is a dangerous policy. Rather, start taking Fynnon Salt, and keep it up (adjusting the dosage to your individual need) until its unique combination of natural salts has had a chance to help you.

## Fynnon fights rheumatism

Fynnon Salt is of proven benefit in the treatment of many cases of rheumatism. It is an efficient scientific preparation particularly designed for the treatment of rheumatism and similar complaints.

Take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt morning or night in a glass of water (some people find it more palatable in tea). Continue the treatment for three weeks... you, too, will find marked relief. But remember, if you are seriously worried about your condition or if it doesn't respond to treatment, don't fail to consult your doctor.

# FYNNON SALT

For the relief of

NEURITIS • LUMBAGO • SCIATICA • FIBROSITIS • RHEUMATISM • GOUT

LARGE TIN 2/6

FORMULA. Approximately: Sodium Sulphate 95.96%, Sodium Bicarbonate 1.95%, Potassium Sulphate 2.05%, Lithium Sulphate 0.035%, Iron and Sodium Chloride: Traces

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J.G.1. 10/1/53

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## "Sore throat?"

"I took a tip from Michael,"

says

DULCIE GRAY



IF HER VOICE had been out of action, Dulcie Gray wouldn't now be starring in "Angels One Five". When the show must go on, she can't be too careful with the one thing she must depend upon—her throat.

Like many stars—like her husband, Michael Denison, who co-stars with her in the film—she takes MAC Throat Sweets. Not only at the first warning signs. But often, because they are so pleasant, merely as a precaution.

If you suffer from a sore throat, cough or catarrh, get a packet of these potent, palatable sweets. Get MAC Throat Sweets. They are so safe that children, too, can take them freely.

The medical reasons why MACs work

MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

MACs lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol: you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.



ANTISEPTIC THROAT SWEETS  
1/6 A PACKET

## SIP IT! FOR FLAVOUR



## DRINK IT..

FOR WELL BEING



## DRAIN IT..

IT'S FAR TOO GOOD TO LEAVE A DROP



# STONE'S

ORIGINAL GINGER WINE

famous since 1740

***Britain's best-loved radio comedian begins his  
boisterous personal story***

# TAKE IT FROM ME

*by Jimmy Edwards*

**M**Y CHILDHOOD and indeed almost my whole life is bound up with a peculiar place called Barnes. If anybody asked me where I lived, I invariably say, apologetically, "Oh, a suburb in London called Barnes—you won't know it."

We lived in a semi-detached house in a cul-de-sac called Woodlands Road, a comfortable, middle-class neighbourhood. A school-master lived across the road; a retired army captain next door; and a ship's captain not far away.

The house that we lived in must have been ample for my father and mother when they first moved in some years before, but when I was born in 1920 we were already a large family and things were getting pretty crowded. Two years later, when the last child, my sister Elizabeth, was born, we numbered nine children, and every room in the house was fully occupied.

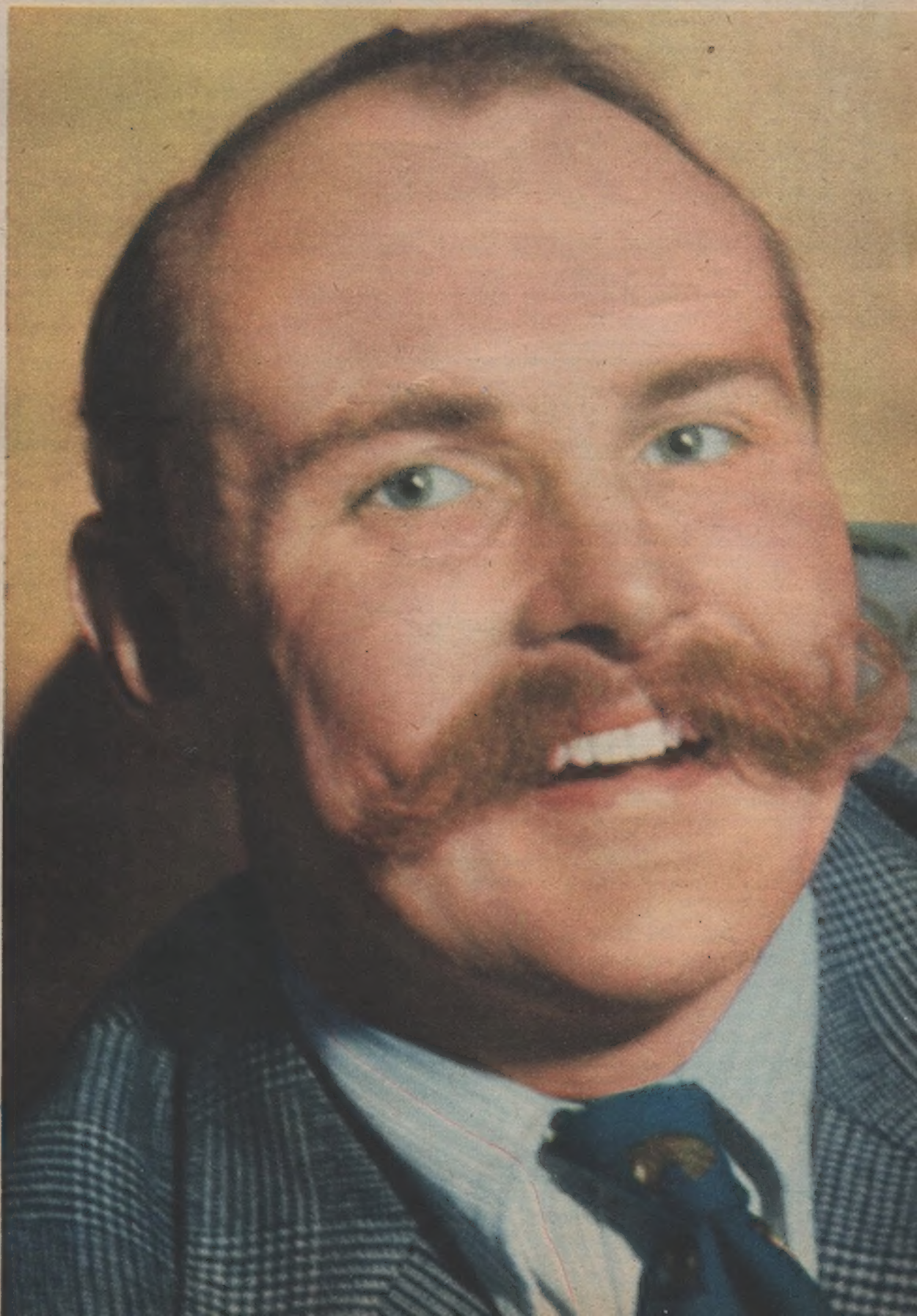
I have often wondered how my parents managed to find enough names for this prodigious collection of five boys and four girls. They started off with Arowena, my eldest sister, and then worked through Patricia, Roland, Alan, John, Hugh and Aline. When I arrived on the scene their stock of names was by no means exhausted, and I was christened James Keith O'Neill Edwards.

## Memories Of Father

My father, Professor R. W. K. Edwards, M.A. (Cantab.), was a tall man who wore a short grizzled beard and moustache. He never seemed to stop smoking his strong-smelling pipe. When he was not lecturing at King's College, London, he was almost always sitting at his desk at home marking never-diminishing piles of examination papers. He was too busy to pay much heed to the family, but every now and then he gave us a flurry of concentrated attention as if to make up for his seeming neglect.

In my memory of those early days, he was an old man and a cranky one; but he had the saving graces of a sense of humour and a real appreciation of initiative. I remember once when, beaming and chuckling, he read me a question he had set in an examination paper. *How would you draw a line, went the question, to bisect the angle between two tangents drawn to a circle from an external point?* Then he read me the answer given by one of his candidates: *I would draw it correctly.* "That boy will go far," he

James Keith O'Neill Edwards: one of nine children of a London don, he is an M.A., a D.F.C., and star of radio's favourite show, *Take It From Here*, which begins its sixth series this week





PICTURES FROM JIMMY'S ALBUM: "Mother came to England from New Zealand intending to be a teacher. Then she met Father—and produced a class of her own. Here we all are at home in Barnes: take a deep breath—Arowena, Patricia, Roland, Alan, John, Hugh, Aline, me and baby Elizabeth"

told me. "I intend to give him full marks." Then there was the candidate from one of the colonies who wrote, "I am afraid I cannot answer the question, but I do wish the honourable examiner a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year!"

My father had one or two favourite jokes which he used to try out on everybody, even if they had already heard them before. One was about the Irishman who came to him with a raffle ticket for an alarm clock. My father bought the ticket and then observed that the alarm clock was broken. So he said to the Irishman, "What's the good of my buying a ticket for this when the spring is broken and the hands have fallen off?" To which the Irishman replied, "Sure, you'll loikely not be winning it!"

He often told me about when he first grew a beard. He was teaching at a school somewhere and during one of the holidays decided to go in for a beaver. When he returned the next term, he was sitting in his study one morning when there was a knock at the door. A small boy popped his head in and then quickly popped it out again. My father called him back and said, "What's the matter?" The small boy replied, "Oh, it's you, sir. I'm sorry—I thought it was a gentleman."

#### Over The Wall To Happiness

Just at the end of our back garden was Tom Tagg's stable-yard, and it was an easy matter for us children to hop over the wall and mix with the horsey world on the other side. Being not far from the Roehampton Club, these stables were always full of strings of polo ponies during the season. It was here that my lasting passion for horses was engendered. Once over that brick wall I was happy. We volunteered to clean the tack and muck out the stables—and took our payment in the glorious privilege of exercising the ponies. The grooms didn't mind if we rode the ponies, for it was barely six in the morning when we put in our appearance, and there was obviously not much likelihood of the rich owners

of these valuable ponies spying on us at such an indecently early hour.

Although I loved riding, I was as yet too young to be really expert at it. My sister Patsy and my brother Alan, on the other hand, sat the ponies as if they had been born on them, and I watched them with admiration and envy. Someday, I thought, someday I'll have a pony of my own and ride it as well as they do.

#### Hid Her Fear With Giggles

But I was able to take consolation from my sister Aline, nicknamed Girly because she was such a surprise to the family after four boys. At the time, she was a gawky, round-faced girl of twelve, her hair in plaits. Girly's distinction was that she was the least enthusiastic Edwards to sit on a horse. She was so nervous that I can't think why she bothered to ride at all. Led by a groom she would sit on her pony, pale and tense, trying to maintain her courage with nervous giggles, until she would burst out to him in an avalanche of released fear: "Oh! Tuppence not to canter! Tuppence not to canter!"

Tom Tagg, the owner of the stable-yard, was a well-padded figure of a man in breeches and leggings who, I was told, had once won the Grand National. He had also been a well-known coachman, and it was in the Horse Show at Olympia, many years ago, that his coach-and-four got away from him. In the subsequent crash, Tom broke both his arms. This must have been a great hardship until they mended, for Tom was a man who enjoyed lifting his elbow. Even as a young boy I realized that a visit to the pub made a great difference to him.

One morning when I was hanging around the stables, I saw that Tom was having a hard time trying to clip the hair out of the ears of a particularly unco-operative—and sometimes dangerous—horse. "Stand still now, laddie," Tom said to him soothingly. "Stand still, now." But his quiet methods got him nowhere and, eventually, he gave up in disgust and retired to

the local—a pub called The Market Gardener—to soothe his ruffled feelings with a few pints.

Then, with a new glint in his eyes, he returned to the job. The whole atmosphere was changed now; and I think that horse could tell it from the alcoholic content of Tom Tagg's breath. Boldly Tom strode to the animal's side. "Stand still, you b——!" he roared when he shied away. In less time than it takes to tell, Tom had whipped off the offending hairs, and—giving the horse one under the belly for luck—was on to the next job.

Old Jim, the one permanent groom at the stables, had the right ideas for handling children. One day, when I was exercising a rather large horse at the end of the yard, a motor bicycle suddenly started up with a snort and clatter in the neighbouring garage. The horse bolted, but Old Jim, moving more quickly than I thought he could, brought us to such a sudden standstill that I was tossed over the animal's shoulder to the ground. The horse then walked contemptuously over me, bruising my leg with one of its hind hooves. Trembling, and near tears, I looked to Old Jim for sympathy. He leaned over me. Hands on hips he growled, "Whoever told you that you could ride?"

#### Young Jimmy's First Show

Still, those days spent around the stable were wonderful, and it was there that I found my first, and perhaps most appreciative, audience. I think I must have been very quick, even then, at mimicking people; and, by way of inspiration, the grooms around Tom Tagg's stable used a rich variety of language I have never since heard equalled. It didn't take me long to pick up everything they knew. There were two Spanish grooms who tended their employer's ponies there and, from them, I even learned to swear in Spanish.

Sunday at the yard was, of course, the day of comparative leisure. Everything was "set fair" early; the ponies were watered and hayed, the

yard was swept; and the grooms sat around the black iron stove in the middle of the tack room. An oppressively quiet Sunday afternoon atmosphere hung over everyone. It was then that I would appear, a small moon-faced figure pushing my way through the door. When the grooms saw me they would rouse themselves. "Ere, Jim," one of them would say with a grin. "Come inside and let's 'ear you swear."

I would joyously oblige. I would tear off a fine, rich collection of Anglo-Saxon oaths, not understanding any of it, and they would roar with appreciative laughter. "'E's the lad, is our Jim," they would say approvingly, as they patted me on the back.

Later, I would go home and repeat the act for the benefit of my mother—who had come from New Zealand many years before, intending to learn to be a schoolteacher, but had dropped the idea in favour of producing her own class. Naturally, when I started swearing, horror would settle and freeze on her placid face. "Jimmy!" she would exclaim in a shocked tone. "Jimmy!" And she would box my ears until they rang. After a while the lesson sank in: for some reason which I did not fully understand, my mother was not as good an audience as the grinning grooms.

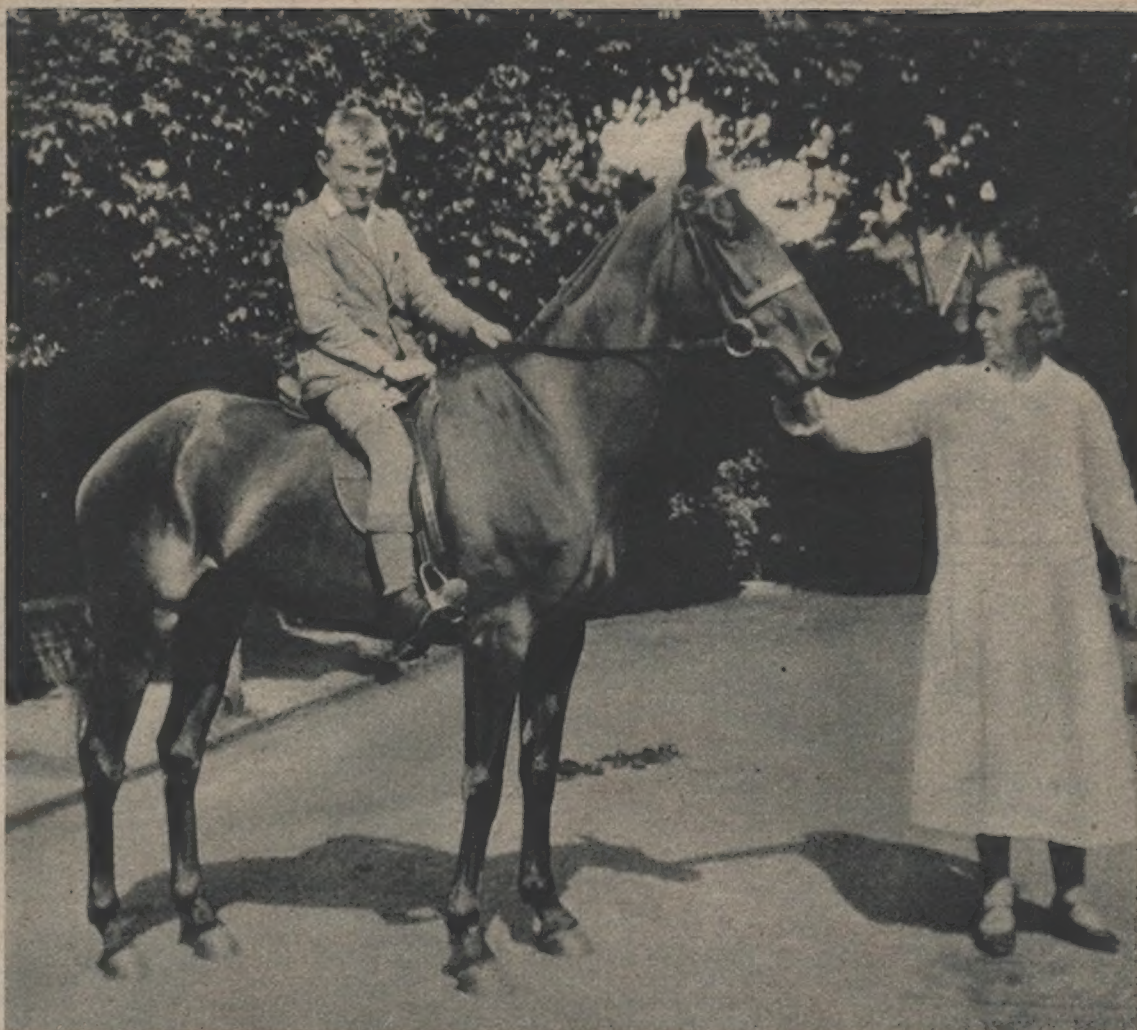
### Tragedy In Richmond Park

There were two large ponds in the middle of Richmond Park into which the grooms used to walk the polo ponies, up to their bellies, and stand them there for a while. This was supposed to be good for the horses' legs. Perhaps it was, but on one occasion it was not healthy for one of the ponies' riders. I was not there to see it, but later I learned that the pony shied, threw the groom and kicked him on the head as he fell. When all this happened, I was in the stables. Minutes later, another groom who had witnessed the tragedy ran up, puffed out and dishevelled. "Tommy's drowned!" he gasped. "Drowned, 'e is!"

There was a pall which hung heavy over the stable-yard for some time, and for a while my mother was doubtful about letting any of us play there. Perhaps this was only an excuse, for she was greatly concerned over the language I brought back, and was not partial to the smell which clung to us all after an hour or two around the ponies. "Phew! Pheew!" she would say, holding her nose. In point of fact, she was very keen that we should all learn to ride. Years before, during her own childhood, she used to go to school across the New Zealand countryside



"That's me on the left all togged up in Eton suit and collar with two friends at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. I was eleven then"



"My boyhood playground was the polo stables that adjoined our garden. I loved to help the grooms exercise the ponies there—but poor Mother was appalled by the language I picked up"

each day mounted on her own pony, and even at this time would still go for an occasional hack in Richmond Park.

Alan, Johnny, Hughie and I all slept in one small attic room—that is, when we slept. It was a little crowded, but none of us minded. We liked the company. The older boys also liked to read in bed, far into the night, and presently my father found out about it. One night, late, he tiptoed quietly up the attic stairs and suddenly pushed our door open to find the light shining down on the books Alan and Johnny were reading. His face purpled. "You are not permitted to read in bed. Understand?" he roared. "Don't let me ever catch you again." Then he shuffled professorially down the stairs.

This attitude on Father's part to their reading in bed troubled Alan and Johnny greatly. We all four shuddered to think of what he might do if he found us with the light on after that, but we were determined not to give way. It was my brother Alan who finally came upon the solution. He devised a system of fastening string to the door in such a way that when it was opened the light would be snapped out. This was wonderful, we thought. We couldn't be caught again.

### Ruse Father Appreciated

Next evening, my father once more crept silently up the stairs. He must have seen the light shining under our door, an obvious giveaway that had not occurred to any of us boys. Then, when he flung the door open, the light switched itself off. Father cleared his throat in a puzzled way. He snapped the switch on and looked at his four sons, all apparently in angelic slumber. I peeped at him through nearly shut eyes. I saw him look round the room until his glance rested on the string device Alan had fixed up. "H'mmm," he mused. "I see . . . I see." Even under the foliage of his beard I could make out his broad and appreciative grin. Then he tip-toed out of the room again, shutting the door behind him. We heard no more

about this, for my father loved any sign of originality in a boy.

Seven years my senior, my brother Alan was by this time in the top form at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School. The excellence of his voice had also won him the place of choir soloist, which at St. Paul's was an honour no less than that of being the captain of the first eleven elsewhere. St. Paul's was, of course, a preparatory school where, in return for a boy's services in the choir, his education was provided at a modest cost.

### Off To Be A Choirboy

The value of this was not lost on my father, who was finding a professor's salary scarcely adequate for feeding, clothing and educating such a large family. With St. Paul's in mind, he soon encouraged me to try singing in the local church choir. My own voice, then, as now, was more remarkable for a certain rough, gravelly quality than for any suggestion of boyish purity. Indeed, I always sang as if suffering from an acute head cold; but when I was eight, my father decided that I was old enough to have a voice trial at St. Paul's.

I went with no childish illusions of impending success, for I knew exactly how badly I sang. Miraculously—or more likely, on the strength of Alan's fine voice, and because the school authorities too optimistically hoped mine might develop along similar lines—I managed to scrape through the test. Then I was fitted out with an Eton suit and collar and packed off to the school; away from home, away from all the family except Alan, and worst of all, away from Tom Tagg's stable-yard.

The Choir School was in a side street, quite near the cathedral itself, in the very heart of London. In spite of this, we managed to lead a healthy life. Twice a week we would go by train to Bellingham where, on the Merchant Taylors' School sports ground, we played cricket or football. Every weekday morning there were

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Malo watched, aloof and silent. Father Keogh sat beside Locha. "When you were a child, I loved you," he said. "You must not stay here any longer"

# The Singer, not the Song

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Quantana was horrified. Father Keogh was deserting the village, betraying his Church—and all for this woman

**T**HE LITTLE Mexican village of Quantana had been rocked by a sinister, almost incredible scandal. A young girl of good family, Locha de Cortinez, had run away from her own wedding, and was living with a man called Anacleto Comachi. He was known locally as Malo, the Evil One, and he had once held the village under a gangster dictatorship. The girl was apparently his mistress.

Father Keogh, the village priest, was desperately worried about her. He had known her since

childhood; had watched her grow up into a lovely and high-spirited young woman; had hoped that he might see her happily married to her cousin, a young American named Dyke Brown. Quantana might gossip, but it was still possible that Malo might be holding the girl against her will.

In this, Father Keogh was right. What he did not know was that Locha had loved him—as a man, not as a priest—since girlhood; that she had tried to fight this love with a half-imaginary infatuation with Malo; and that she was now

staying with the bandit only because he had threatened to kill Father Keogh if she tried to escape.

It was all part of Malo's plan to drive Father Keogh out of Quantana—to smash his power as Father Keogh had once smashed Malo's. The forthright, unselfish young priest had given the superstitious villagers faith, courage and hope, had led them back to the Church that Malo so hated—the Church which it was his delight to humiliate.

He was out to humiliate Father Keogh now, before all his parishioners; and he was going to do it through Locha. How, nobody yet knew. It seemed to depend on how much mental torture the priest could stand.

Father Keogh came to see Locha, reasoned with her; but it was useless with Malo in the room. Then the chief of police arrived with a last appeal from Locha's parents, Don Pedro and Doña Marian. But the girl only repeated, as if hypnotized, "I wish to remain here with Señor Comachi. Tell my father that."

## PART 7

### Malo Comes To Confession

**A**s Father Keogh made his entrance from the sacristy on the following Sunday, four people came into the church. For a moment Father Keogh faltered, his eyes on the latecomers. The congregation turned to stare at them. The church was filled with whispers.

The latecomers genuflected and filed into their

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# Inky Stevens puts stars in the headlines

by MARJORIE EARL

Sometimes there is news to tell, sometimes it has to be invented. That's where the ingenious Inky comes in—and the results are often unexpected

**P**ASSENGERS ON THE London Underground, who stand in an orderly file on the right-hand side of escalators so that those who are late may race past them on the left, do so mainly from habit. Few see the polite notices which ask them to behave in this way. Fewer still know that the notice was the brainchild of a sixty-year-old theatrical publicist named H. C. G. Stevens, who used to have a habit of writing letters to editors.

Not that Stevens ever felt impelled to read his views in print. Although he used to spend much of his spare time racking his fertile imagination for likely subjects of provocative letters, he never signed his own name. His letters always appeared over the signature of an actor or actress whose show he was publicising.

It was many years ago that Stevens wrote on behalf of an actress—whose name he has now forgotten—suggesting that time and tempers would be saved if leisurely travellers stood on one side of the escalators. As he had hoped, the letter uncorked a flow of controversy which had two results. One was a travelling habit which has now become as traditional as queueing for buses. The other was valuable publicity for the star who supposedly started it all, as well as for the show in which she was appearing.

A publicist's object is to get the name of the person, product or organization he is engaged to publicise into the news columns of papers. Stevens, who has been a publicist since 1921, when the profession was in its infancy, soon grasped the value of getting a star's name in the widely read "Letters to the Editor" section.

## Publicity He Did Not Want

As often as not, Stevens signed his letters with the name of some actor or actress without bothering to consult the signatory. Once this resulted in a dispute. While reading a newspaper one morning he came upon the phrase "by and large," and began to wonder the exact meaning of the expression. He decided to write a letter to an editor about it. At that time he was engaged in Malvern Festival publicity, so he added the signature of Roy Limbert, the manager. That night, at his home in Malvern, Limbert was called to the telephone by the headmistress of a nearby school.

"Mr. Limbert, I'm surprised at that letter you wrote to the paper," the headmistress said.

"What letter?" Limbert asked.

"The letter asking the meaning of 'by and large.' I'm amazed that a well-known yachtsman like you should betray such ignorance."

"I'll choke that fellow Stevens," was Limbert's cryptic rejoinder. (By and large is an old naval expression known to all yachtsmen. It means sailing a ship slightly off the wind, with every sail doing its share.)

During thirty years as a press agent, Stevens has publicised between six and seven hundred shows in London and the provinces. He has also

written several plays and a considerable amount of music, mainly for children. He is a veteran broadcaster and the creator of the B.B.C. programme called *Radio Crosswords*.

To the scores of publicity-hungry stars who have depended on his ingenuity to get their names in the newspapers he is almost unknown. A tall, rope-thin man with a small, alert face, who chain-smokes half-size cigarettes, Stevens has carefully avoided hobnobbing with the stars he writes about.

"I live *on* the theatre, not *in* it," he says. It is a motto which has made him a stranger to everyone in the theatre except the managers, to whom he is known affectionately as Inky. When he undertakes to publicise a show, Stevens prepares a dossier on everyone in it, from the stars to the maintenance staff. From then on he stays strictly to himself—operating, he says, as though he were being paid by the newspapers.

He has been involved in more than three hundred Royal theatrical visits and performances, but never once met or seen a member of the Royal Family inside a theatre. The closest he

ever came was when the late King George V attended a performance of *Journey's End*. During the second act Stevens was suddenly seized by a desire to try on the King's hat. He crept along the corridor to the Royal Box, opened the door of the anteroom, and was confronted by two identical bowlers. He did not know which belonged to the King and which to his equerry so, just to be sure, he tried on both.

Stevens boasts that he has never written a news release longer than fifty words, and that he never uses an adjective. He works in a cluttered office-cum-flat just off Leicester Square, and likes to think of himself as a salesman of good products, whose briefcase of biographical fragments on stage stars serves the same purpose as a salesman's bag of samples.

In the case of Yma Sumac, the South American singer with the four-octave range voice, whose concert tour he recently publicised, this analogy was literally true. Stevens realized that Sumac, unknown in Britain, would be difficult to boost. So he bought a selection of her gramophone records and distributed them to the



Inky Stevens, holding a publicity photograph of Gracie Fields, watches Gracie face up to reporters at a press reception. His policy is never to hobnob with the stars he serves



Inky and his actress wife Paula Grey, now playing Prince Charming in a London pantomime

editors and music critics of newspapers in the towns where she was to appear. The result was a rash of publicity.

"What a treat," one newspaperman said, "to find a publicity man who puts a record on your desk, says simply, 'this is what she does' and leaves it at that."

That, however, was not all that Stevens did. In Manchester, a press reception was arranged for Yma Sumac at one of the city's principal hotels. Just before the guests were due to arrive Stevens went into the room to see if everything was ready. A charwoman was running a vacuum cleaner over the carpet, and she asked him, "Is madame here yet?"

"No, but you'll see her in half an hour," Stevens replied.

"Oh, I'll not see her," the cleaner said. "I'm not on her plane."

"Oh, yes, you are," Stevens said. "Come back at eleven thirty and I'll introduce you. And bring your vacuum cleaner with you." The next day most of the newspapers in Manchester carried a picture of the glamorous singing star chatting to a charwoman with a vacuum cleaner.

It is one of Stevens's maxims that the woman who sweeps the steps in the dress circle and the girl in the back row of the chorus are more likely to provide good publicity than the star. He loves to recall the occasion when Gertrude Lawrence was compelled to withdraw from her part in *The Music Box Revue* at the Palace Theatre because of a minor illness, and an unknown chorus girl called Jessie Matthews came out of the back line to fill in. Stevens gave an enormous press reception for her after

the performance, a move which he feels helped her on her way to stardom.

There are times when Stevens's best publicity assets rebel. In 1926, when he was publicising the introductory production of *Juno and the Paycock*, he found that the then-unknown author, Sean O'Casey, was a goldmine.

London was delighted with the rough Irish labourer, who covered the brain of an artist with his workman's cloth cap, and was deliberately anti-social. He was photographed, interviewed and lionized by nearly every newspaper, magazine and head-hunting hostess in London.

For some time he submitted to Stevens's persuasions that all this was essential to the play's success. Then he called an abrupt halt. Stevens still cherishes the note that appeared one morning in his letter-box. "Just you bloody well quit or else," O'Casey had written in a bold, sprawling hand. Stevens quit.

All publicists keep a selection of stunts up their sleeve, and there are two hardy perennials in the realm of theatrical publicity stamped with the hallmark of Stevens. When he was boosting a prewar pantomime at the Lyceum he decided to make use of the rule that babies in arms are not allowed in the theatre. He planted a woman with a baby in the gallery queue.

"I chose a poor, sad-looking woman," he recalls. At the appropriate moment the star walked by and told the young mother there was no object in queueing since she could not go in with the baby. "But I've travelled all the way from Blackheath," the woman protested, sticking to the script Stevens had prepared.

"Never mind," said the star with well-rehearsed sympathy, "you can leave the baby

in my dressing-room." Next day every newspaper in London published a picture of the panto star turning her dressing-room into a crèche. "It was so successful," Stevens says, "that I've done it many times since."

His other regular stunt is to invite a centenarian, who has not seen a show for fifty years, to be the guest of the management at a matinée. He combs through the papers for news of someone who is suitable and is still active enough to travel. Once this stunt almost ended in disaster. A woman of 102 was invited to a performance of *The Shop At Sly Corner*. This thriller proved so exciting that the old lady had a heart attack and had to be taken home in an ambulance. Since then, Stevens checks his centenarians' medical reports.

### Stunt Worked Too Well

On the whole, Stevens does not approve of stunts. For one thing, their results are often unpredictable. During the war, when entertainment news was difficult to get into the small austerity newspapers, he had a brainwave in his bath which turned into a nightmare. It is common practice for the publicist to try to link his client with a community endeavour. At that time the Westminster City salvage drive was at its height, so Stevens sent a paragraph to all the newspapers saying that any child who brought a sack of salvage to the stage door of the Coliseum could have tea with Jean Colin, the principal boy in the theatre's pantomime.

Most of the newspapers used the paragraph, and for a time Stevens congratulated himself on getting a useful bit of publicity when times were hard. The next day, letters poured in from children all over England. Stevens was worried. The management was unsympathetic. "You got into it, you can get out of it," he was told.

Early in the afternoon of the matinée, after which the tea party was due to be held, the alley leading to the stage door was teeming with about 250 children each carrying a sack of salvage. "And to make matters worse," said Stevens, "there were 250 mothers and an assortment of brothers and sisters, all getting restive. I was frantic." Samuel Harbour, manager of the Coliseum, let him suffer to the end. Finally, at a moment when he was considering appealing to the police to control the crowd, the children were ushered into the upstairs lounge, where tea with Jean Colin, in her finale costume, had been arranged by the management.

Well-timed publicity can often save a show from failure. An example of this was *Me And My Girl*, which had the fourth longest run of any show on the London stage. On the opening night, bets were being placed backstage about the closing date. Lupino Lane, the star and producer, decided after a run of a few weeks that some publicity was the only thing to save the show, and that a broadcast was the most likely form to succeed.

### Broadcast Made A Hit

Stevens tried to organize one, but was told it would be some weeks before there would be an opening. The show's life was then being counted in days, so this was no good. But when a scheduled programme unexpectedly fell out, the B.B.C. asked the cast of *Me and My Girl* to fill in. Before the broadcast ended the telephone lines at the Victoria Palace box office were clogged with a rush of incoming calls. Next day the box office staff had to be doubled. "That's one reason why I never say that a play is either good or bad. I leave it to the critics and the audiences to decide," Stevens says.

Stevens is married to Paula Grey, operatic soprano and principal boy. His hobby is football and for years he has been referee in small league games. He claims that referees and publicists have something in common.

"No matter what a referee does he's unpopular," he says, "and no matter what a publicist does, it isn't good enough." THE END



In the light of the lantern, Jer held the parrot's cage. He was grinning wildly, and talking. Brattle, standing in midstream, strained to hear

# MOLLY BREEN, DECEASED

by **CHARLES BEATTY**  
ILLUSTRATED BY TISDALL

How could she hurt him now that she was dead? The young man didn't know. He dared himself to find out

**J**ER BREEN leaned against the worn counter of Brattle's shop. The skin of his face was nearly as dark as his hair. He wore his late uncle's trousers yet. They were of black, hand-woven stuff, almost stiff enough to stand by themselves.

The unfilled clay pipe in the lad's mouth had the stem broken and the bowl was almost under the end of his long nose. His right thumb was tied round with a scrap of blood-stained rag.

Brattle rang up the price of the goods he had

just sold, then shuffled along to the far end of the counter which he called the bar. He was red-faced and fat as a barrel.

He cocked his big head sideways and smiled with one half of his fleshy mouth, a smile with no humour in it.

"Porter, is it?"

Jer nodded and shifted his pipe. A pint was drawn from the barrel and set in front of him, its froth overflowing. Holding his injured thumb away from the glass, he took a pull. When he put the mug down the head had gone, leaving

rich darkness glinting red in a shaft of autumn sunlight.

"What ails you?" Brattle asked perfunctorily.

"The parrot," said Jer. "It would tear out a baby's heart, so it would."

"Then why be interfering?"

"'Tis herself. Holy Patrick, the way that woman dotes on the creature!" He took another pull, transferring the glass to his left hand. "An ounce of plug," he said.

The fat man passed a packet across. Jer pulled a clasp knife out of the pocket of his patched blue jacket and cut a thin slice which he rubbed hard in the palm of his left hand. He stuffed the old pipe and lit it, drained his porter, and with a nod went out into the street.

He unhitched the ass and got on to the cart. His long legs dangled over the side close to the wheel. He fetched the beast a skelp with the slack of the reins and leaned back as the jerk came.

As the cart clattered along, Jer, as usual, was thinking of his Aunt Molly. As a boy he had no one else to turn to, and until lately he would listen to nothing said against her. He asked little for himself, but he had his rights. He did a man's work but she still gave him only a boy's pay. And he should be free of the house, not kept to the back room as he had been ever since he first wore long trousers.

Molly lived on the old boat. She claimed the parrot liked it and that it proved witches are not afraid of running water—for there were

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Three of Roger Buliard's parishioners enjoy a meal of seal blubber during a church "gossip evening" at Coppermine. Eskimos can eat all day long

**I** HAD AN OLD AUNT who never appreciated the rowdy side of my nature. She used to frown at me and say, "Tch! Tch! Cannibal manners!" I used to recall her reprimand, as I, an Arctic missionary, watched an Eskimo hunter gorging himself on raw caribou meat, the flesh still warm—almost still alive—and wonder whether his appetite would be affected if the flesh in his hand had been hacked from a human being instead of a caribou.

When I got to know them better, I asked about it. Ordinarily, the Eskimo is not a cannibal. In cases of unusual cruelty, where malice is a factor, they have eaten human flesh. But in times of starvation, when the hunting was bad, they have done it to keep alive. I once asked Oktuayuk about it. She was a sweet old Eskimo woman who called me her grandchild.

"Yes, of course, *Falla* [Father], we have done it," she told me. "But you see, we had to. All of our people disappeared, one after the other. Those were bad times. We could not kill a thing."

Her ancient, wrinkled face, a relief map modelled in dark clay, was clouded with memory. "What was the matter?" I asked. "No seals? No caribou?"

"Oh, no!" Oktuayuk said, shaking her old head vigorously. "There were plenty of seals, but those eastern Eskimos had thrown a curse on us, so we could no longer kill game."

"What then?" I asked.

"Well, *Falla*, we were hungry. Starving. We started to eat the fallen ones. The old people went pretty quickly. Soon there were only a few of us left."

I looked at the old face, and my heart was filled with pity. She looked away, as though trying to reach back into the dim, misted past. Then she said, "The last time I ate human flesh, *Falla*, it was my young brother's. I had loved

## *I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS* (4) **GLUTTONS' DELIGHT IN THE FARTHEST NORTH**

by *ROGER BULIARD*

Table manners are not elegant, the cooking is primitive, and the menu is bizarre—but Eskimo meals are eaten with gusto

him. He was always kind to me." Later I said: "Tell me, Oktuayuk, is that sort of meat any good?"

"Oh, yes," she said promptly. "Very good."

"What part is the best?" I asked.

She looked at me in surprise, as though I had asked a stupid question. "Why, the buttock, of course," she said. "You should know that, *Falla*."

After a few sojourns in Eskimo camps, the missionary gets used to the most bizarre items in the Arctic diet, and learns to partake of everything—short of human flesh—with a smile and

at least the semblance of gusto, for both his own reputation and his host's honour are at stake. To turn down a choice morsel of rotten meat or a dubious bit of dried fish would be taken as a mortal insult to the whole Eskimo village and a terrible reflection on the white man's taste.

The usual food is an armful of frozen fish, a basin of raw caribou meat, or a potful of half-cooked seal meat. If the meat is raw, or frozen, everyone just pitches in. If it is cooked, the hostess first squeezes each piece in her fingers to get rid of the brownish froth, then tosses a chunk of frozen blood into the pot to add

piquance to the soup that will be consumed as a "chaser" after the meal. First she gives her husband his share. Then it is every man for himself, and a squadron of filthy hands descends upon the meat pot, closing around the half-cooked food like so many greasy pairs of pincers.

It is not a delicate cuisine, and the manners that go with it are not elegant. The Eskimo takes a huge piece of meat, stuffs it into his mouth, and then, with a quick swipe of the *oloo*—a razor-sharp knife—snips off the part that will not fit in his mouth. All this is done with a surprising nonchalance, and for nearly twenty years I have been betting with myself, and losing every time, that one of them will miss and leave a piece of nose or chin on the snow.

Fish bones and other bones which cannot be cracked and eaten, plus inedible bits of gristle or skin, are thrown back into the common pot on top of the rest of the meat, from which you are expected to serve yourself a second helping, if you are so prompted.

No man can eat like an Eskimo. The true *Inuk* eats all day long, everything and anything in sight. The poor white man, used to eating on schedule, has no chance against such competition. His best bet is to stop after the first course and excuse himself. Then the Eskimos will smile. "Ah," they will say. "It is true. You Great Eyebrows have a watch in your stomachs."

### Lived On Frozen Fish

I have tried every item on the Eskimo menu. I have enjoyed a drink of blood and, when hungry, eaten meat that was still warm with the life blood of the caribou. I have lived on frozen raw fish, and been thankful for meat that was almost ready to get up and walk away. I have eaten seal guts braided with blubber, and sampled all the birds—seagulls, hawks, owls. Owls, believe me, are very good, and so is the liver of the scorpion fish.

The white man who refuses to follow the customs of the country is apt to go hungry more often than not. One such white man was Major Watson, whom I knew at Coppermine. He swore that he would never break with European dietary taboos, never succumb to the temptations offered by Eskimo food. He would starve first, he insisted. "I am a white man," he explained. "I shall live like a white man and die as one, too."

### Peculiar Aftertaste

But once Major Watson, myself and a third man were caught in a sudden six-day storm and forced to take refuge in a Mounties' shack. We had no food, but luckily in one corner of the shanty we found a bag of what looked like brown flour. We made some bannocks, and though they were a little hard to cook and left a peculiar aftertaste in the mouth, we all agreed that they were fine—including Major Watson, who devoured his share. When we got back to Coppermine we told the corporal in charge of the Mounted Police post that we had used his shack and eaten some of his flour. "Flour?" the corporal asked. "There was no flour there."

"Certainly there was," Major Watson insisted. "Brown flour, and not at all bad, really."

The Mountie looked puzzled for a moment, then grinned. "Oh, I see!" he said. "That was dog food, you know—a mixture of bones, fat, groin, and all kinds of waste."

Major Watson turned pale, and I thought from the expression on his face that he was going to return the loan then and there, but he managed a sickly smile and turned away. We others laughed, having long since applied to food in the Arctic the old saying: Over taste and colour, one should not argue.

But certain Eskimo delicacies, I think, no one but an *Inuk* will ever find appealing. When I see Eskimos enjoying the warm eyes of newly killed game, I shake my head, as I do when I watch them eat their own lice, or the larvae they find under caribou skin. They laugh at my

objection. "*Komaoyatunitun*," they say—"just like beans."

Fish are the great bounty of the Arctic. Travelling inland in the wintertime, one finds them in almost every lake—usually lake trout, and good-sized ones, too, the largest weighing thirty pounds. On the trail, the Eskimo will break his journey at night, build a snowhouse near a lake, and discover suddenly: "*Ikratok-toromanarevov!*—one is hungry for fish!"

Off the tireless fellow goes, into the semi-darkness of the fast-falling night, looking for a spot on the shore where his ancestors set up square rocks to mark the best fishing places. If it is winter the ice may be six feet thick, but that does not discourage him. He digs his hole straight through, and soon the water spurts up like a geyser. From under his clothes the *Inuk* takes a piece of thong, a bent needle or copper hook baited with a little fat, and begins to fish.

### Jigging For Trout

Up and down goes his arm, keeping the bait in motion—jigging, as we call it. Under the ice the scrap of bait dances merrily in the water. In less than an hour the Eskimo has three or four trout and is ready to quit. "Eh!" he says. "It's enough for tonight's meal." Methodically he puts his hook and line away. He is not in the least exhilarated or excited over his catch. He just takes it for granted. Did he not say he would like to eat some fish? If he had come back to his igloo empty-handed he would have been quite as happy, just as casually unconcerned. "There are no fish there," he would have said.

Usually we fish with nets from boats when we can, but when summer has gone the fishing boats are hauled out of water, high up on the rocky beach, where they will soon be buried under deep snow. That kind of fishing is finished when the cold weather comes with the frost.

One fine, quiet, cold morning, the earliest riser in the Eskimo camp pushes aside the tent flaps, sticks his head out, and then rouses the village with his cry, "The river is frozen!"

At once we get to work and dig holes, making one every ten feet, along the whole length of the net. Then, using a long pole, we rig a line so that our nets can be raised each day simply by digging two holes, one at each end, and hauling on the rope. After that, every morning after breakfast it is a pleasant chore to ride out and check the nets. A little hard on the hands, perhaps, for the fish have a penchant for freezing solid as soon as they are out of the water, and that makes them hard to remove from the stiff mesh. So back into the water they go, to thaw a bit, and most of the time numb, freezing hands go along with them. The sport is not all fun, especially when there is a good wind, but the harvest is consoling: dozens of shiny silver salmon, frozen as stiff as steel bars in a few seconds.

An Eskimo may catch a thousand fish, and never a word of boasting will be heard, but let him kill a bear and then the news will travel far and fast. In the Arctic the bear is the greatest prize. Every Eskimo has his bear story, and often enough they are quite true.

### Bessie's Lucky Swipe

One day, Bessie streaked into the missionary house as fast as her short legs would carry her, frightened and out of breath. The men hurried out with their rifles ready, but there was *Nanuk*, as the Eskimos call a bear, sprawled out on the snow, as dead as ever he was going to be. Bessie had been busy with an axe, cutting up seal meat for the dogs. She heard some approving grunts behind her and turned to see the bear stolidly approaching. She gave one mighty swipe with the axe and took to her heels. It was one stroke in a thousand, for the bear dropped dead in his tracks. It was hard to convince Bessie that *Nanuk* was dead for sure, and not bluffing.

A bear weighs upwards of fifteen hundred pounds and therefore does not look active, but

*Continued on page 27*



Trout and salmon, caught with harpoons, lie on the ice—frozen stiff within a few seconds



Buliard, the author, with a bear that he shot. Once, he nearly shook hands with a live bear

# THE MANAGER'S GIRL

by *HUGH B. CAVE*

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

Cooper was captivated the first time he saw her. But he hated Matthew, the manager—and she was Matthew's girl

**I**T IS POSSIBLE to sail all around Meika Islet without being aware of the house. Meika looks to be all jungle and, except for that solitary bit of man's handiwork, so it is.

But the house exists. It stands only a hundred yards behind the tiny white sand beach at the islet's western tip—a remarkably handsome bungalow complete to the last item of furniture.

Some who've seen it are half convinced it was planned for a honeymoon, as if the girl in Will Cooper's dreams had been there in the flesh to share his loneliness.

He was careless, you might think, in framing the door. But Cooper was never careless. No faltering knife splintered the wood in that

fashion. The culprit was a bullet fired practically point-blank at Cooper himself, standing dazed in the doorway. The first bullet. There was a second. . . .

Port Norton was the place—a fair-sized community as towns go in New Guinea, boasting a hotel of sorts, a six-bed hospital, a mission station and a copra plantation on its outskirts. Leighton's Place, the plantation was called. Matthew Leighton was the manager, not owner, but was a man so admired and respected that even the town itself was sometimes thought of as his.

"A maker of miracles," the Reverend Mr. Gladue said of him. "Why, the plantation was

dying when the company sent Matthew here, and now look. We've prosperity!"

"And a fine new hospital," said MacNaughton, who ran the trade store. "But what I like best about the man, he's a gentleman. Has a smile and a 'How do you do?' for the least of us, though he could be governor if he cared to; mark my words."

Undeniably, Matthew Leighton was a man of many talents, the greatest of which was his ability to keep secret the truth.

Will Cooper alone knew the truth. Living with Matthew at the plantation, he was there on the ever more frequent occasions when the maker of miracles laid aside the mask. And under the mask? Why, under it lay scornful indifference to the prosperity of the town or the plantation. Under it lay an acute and mystifying devotion to maps. Under it lay a streak of cunning which had carried Matthew far with a small expenditure of effort, and a wider streak of sadism which kept Cooper on the verge of revolt.

In short, Matthew had done very little at Port Norton for a year or so. He simply went through the motions. The work was done by Cooper.

"Mr. Cooper," Matthew would say, "there's a ship due in tomorrow. We're ready for it, I trust?"

"You know we are."

"I like, to be sure, Mr. Cooper," Matthew would murmur, amused by the ritual. From Cooper's grim battle for self-control he derived a certain sadistic delight.

**W**ILL COOPER said nothing. What could he say? The truth simply would not be believed by anyone who mattered, and he had long since resigned himself to waiting. If Matthew chose to spend his days playing the gentleman and his nights poring over maps, so be it. All things end.

Matthew had been collecting the maps for months. Some were government maps, some missionary maps, some crudely scribbled by itinerant gold seekers. They had one thing in common. All were maps of the off-lying islands.

There was a letter, as well. A letter scribbled in pencil on a scrap of ruled notebook paper. Night after night Matthew studied it. But Cooper asked no questions. Nor did he question the weekly visits of the two companions with whom Matthew frequently held all-night consultations. They came more or less on schedule, these dubious gentlemen. Sometimes they acknowledged Cooper's existence with a nod; more often they ignored him. He learned their histories by letting fall a remark one day in MacNaughton's store.

"The little man, Sawtelle, is something of an oil prospector, I believe," MacNaughton told

Matthew stepped forward. "Laurie, my wife, will be ashore presently," he said. Cooper, stunned and bewildered, turned his head towards the boat





Laurie jumped up. "Come and dance." Cooper hesitated. He glanced across at Matthew and saw a frown. "You *do* dance, Mr. Cooper?" she asked

him. "Used to dig for gold. The lame one, Torpe, was lately a government surveyor. I can't imagine what Mr. Leighton wants with them, but no doubt it's company business and we'll all profit in the end."

"No doubt," said Cooper, and went on doing the work while Matthew took the credit. *Wait*, he told himself, looking back on five years of fighting Japs and three years of hungry searching for a place in the scheme of things. His twenty-one months at Port Norton were an investment in the future not lightly to be discarded. Three months more and he'd be out of it, his apprenticeship over, with a manager's post awaiting him at some other company plantation. If he stuck it out.

Then came Laurie Wray. Matthew was responsible. She was a nurse, and the Port Norton hospital, financed largely with company funds, had need of one. Matthew's wishes influenced

the choice. With a note of warning in his voice, he announced his victory to Cooper.

"Miss Wray and I are old friends, Mr. Cooper. We met when I served in Port Moresby before coming here. She is, in fact, my fiancée. So——"

"I congratulate you," Cooper said with heartfelt indifference.

Then Miss Wray arrived and he was shocked. She was his own age, not Matthew's. A mere girl, small and slim and beautiful. She was obviously impressed by what the good people of Port Norton had told her of Matthew's virtues.

**H**E saw a good deal of Laurie Wray in the weeks that followed. New to Port Norton's medical problems, she nevertheless had notions of her own. "Too many of your workers are sicker than they should be when we get them for treatment," she told Matthew.

Matthew shrugged. Long hours of fussing over

the plantation's two hundred dusky natives had no appeal for him. "Mr. Cooper, that's your department," he said. "Miss Wray will tell you what's to be done."

She did, and Cooper transformed one of the labour-camp sheds into a clinic and marched the natives into it for examination.

The job took days. Watching her at work, Cooper was astonished. It was the wet season at Port Norton. The ground steamed. The iron-roofed shed was an oven. By noon each day Laurie's khaki shirt and trousers were limp with perspiration; her head drooped. Yet she had unfailing patience and a smile that worked wonders.

Cooper tried not to be aware of it, but fought a losing battle. He enjoyed working with her. He liked to look at her and listen to her talk. A dozen times a day he reminded himself that she was Matthew's girl, but as the days became

# FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

ALTHOUGH the first three or four years of my life were spent in India, I cannot remember a single incident of those days.

I was almost prevented from ever seeing England, and having any memories at all, for on our way home I was romping about the ship's deck when I suddenly rolled through the rails. Only the quick action of a passenger, who grabbed my legs when I was about to plunge into the sea, saved my life.

We reached England in the middle of summer, so father decided to give us a typical English holiday before his leave was up. A house was rented at Shanklin, Isle of Wight. It was there that I saw my first film—an early Chaplin. I was enchanted by him and practised his funny shuffle-walk for many weeks afterwards. It was the



beginning of my deep-rooted interest in the cinema.

We moved to a flat near the old Crystal Palace. This great pile of glass played a dominant part in my child's mind. It was there, at its cinema, that I saw most of the leading films of the nineteen-twenties. Ronald

Colman and Stewart Rome were my favourite heroes.

I took part in most of the usual children's games, but organized sports completely baffled me. Netball was a particularly distressing experience for me, partly because I was so small that the heftier girls could always push me out of the way with impunity. I was, in fact, so tiny that up till the age of nine I could be carried into the Crystal Palace cinema without having to be paid for.

Sport was not my only failing. School lessons brought equally sorry results. I quite enjoyed history and English, reading and elocution, but I was hopeless at most other subjects. In my first Latin examination I got eight marks out of a possible hundred. Dressing up and acting were my main interests from a very early age.

Today she is a famous film star. For her name, please turn to page 31

weeks he found himself unable to halt what was happening to him. On those occasions when hospital affairs kept her in town, he was damnably lonely.

Sometimes she came to the plantation for dinner. Cooper disliked the arrangement. When they worked together at the clinic he had an excuse to talk to her; he could be at ease with her. In a soft, white dress, with her hair done up and a look of exquisite polish about her, she was Matthew's, and he never knew what to say.

His awkwardness seemed to amuse her. One evening, jumping up from the table, she put a record on the gramophone and stood before him with her hand outstretched. "Mr. Cooper, you haven't said two words," she said, smiling. "Come and dance."

He glanced at Matthew and saw a frown. Matthew was touchy lately.

"You do dance, Mr. Cooper?"

His face red, he rose and took her in his arms.

THAT night, in the solitude of his room, he examined his feelings and faced facts. From the very beginning, a casual touch of her hand had quickened his pulse. Tonight, when she had stepped, all warm and snug, into his arms, he had trembled like a fool.

He was in love with her—wholly, desperately in love—and it was no good. Nothing but trouble could possibly come of it.

Matthew must have guessed. Miss Wray came no more for dinner, and with the work finished at the clinic, Cooper had no chance to see her. He couldn't go to town. With Matthew absent every evening, he was nailed to the place by a company rule forbidding both of them to be off the premises at the same time.

Matthew rubbed it in. "A lovely girl, Laurie," the manager would say, smiling at him over the dinner table. "Do you know where we got to last night, Mr. Cooper?" Then would follow a detailed account of events calculated to impress Cooper with the man's genius as a lover, while Cooper swallowed untasted mouthfuls of food.

Desperately, Cooper hung on. A few weeks more, then he could say goodbye to Port Norton and take his feelings elsewhere.

Yet, for a man triumphant in love, Matthew behaved strangely. His nerves were ragged. The meals failed to please him. He stormed at Guruwa John, the houseboy.

One day, Sawtelle and Torpe arrived early

and spent the afternoon in the office, poring, with Matthew, over a new map they had brought. After supper, they sat at the veranda table with the map spread before them. Guruwa John circled them to deposit a plate, cup and saucer in Cooper's usual place.

Cooper was not a witness to what happened. He came in late for supper, after the others had finished. He was on his way to scrub and change when he heard a bellow from Matthew and a crash of crockery. He paused, heard no more and went on. But when he passed the kitchen en route to the veranda a little later, Guruwa John spoke to him.

"You kai-kai here, *taubada*."

"Eat here? In the kitchen?"

"Master he say so."

It was an affront. The worst kind. But Cooper, remembering his long struggle up from the war years, curbed his wrath and sat at the kitchen table. Guruwa John placed food before him. Then, quite without warning, the boy slid gently to the floor, unconscious.

"Leighton did this?" Cooper demanded, when he had fetched a first-aid kit from his room and bandaged the boy's head.

"Yes, *taubada*."

"What with?"

The weapon, John indicated, had been the heavy dinner plate he had placed on the veranda table when setting Cooper's place. Matthew had not wished to be disturbed at his map study.

"I see," Cooper said. "Well, you'd better get over to the hospital for a stitching."

MOMENTS later, the man on the veranda bellowed Guruwa John's name. Cooper, pale about the mouth, walked to the veranda and reported the boy's absence.

"Where is he?" Matthew demanded.

"I sent him to the hospital to have his wound looked at."

"You sent him! So you're running things now, are you? Well, Mr. Cooper"—and here Matthew turned half around on his chair, a bitter little smile on his face—"since you've sent the serving boy away, we'll have you serve us. Bring whisky for the gentlemen here and a glass of gin for me."

"Is that all?"

"For now, yes. Step lively!"

Cooper went to the kitchen. He poured gin into a glass and returned to the veranda. He

stood waiting behind Matthew's chair until the manager turned.

"Here's your gin," Cooper said very quietly, and flung the contents of the glass into Matthew's face.

With a gasp of amazement, Matthew lurched to his feet. Cooper's left hand fastened on his shirt, holding him. Cooper's right hand, a mass of knuckles, smashed his dripping face. Behind the blow were the months of toil, the abuses, the misery of his hopeless yearning for the girl in Port Norton who would never believe the truth. It shattered his future and sent Matthew reeling into the veranda railing, which broke and let him go plunging into the hibiscus bushes below.

Without even a glance at the other two, Cooper turned and went to his room. There, he stuffed some things into a duffel bag. With the bag on his shoulder, he marched out of the back door into the night.

In a room at the Port Norton hotel, Cooper took stock. He had some money put away, but no job and no prospects. What to do?

There was gold back in the mountains if a man knew where to look. Gold hunting was not for him. There were pearls and shell if one knew the tricks of walking the sea floor in a diver's dress. He didn't. All you're good for, he told himself, is coconuts.

Well, then, coconuts. He made inquiries. Eventually he came to Peter Dobler, a man with white hair, a fondness for whisky and thirty-odd years in New Guinea. Dobler took a fancy to him.

"There is a place," he said. "Name of it slips my mind; maybe hasn't any. Devilish forsaken place. You'd be the only white among the meanest frizzy-tops in creation. But you'll find coconuts there for the takin'."

Cooper's eyes flickered. "Where is this place, Mr. Dobler?"

"Show you," Dobler said, and produced a map. "But wait. You're acquainted with Leighton's boy, Guruwa John. He's from those parts. Take the map and talk to him."

"I can't very well go to the plantation."

"No need. John's done with Leighton. Lives in town somewhere."

HE found Guruwa John. They looked at the map together. "Me savvy that fella place; He name Meika," said John, and verified Dobler's statement about the abundance of coconut trees and unfriendly local residents. The latter, it seemed, occupied not Meika itself, but nearby islands, yet Cooper would have to deal with them because at intervals they descended on Meika by canoe to stock up on coconuts and sago. Very treacherous neighbours, these "bush fellas," John insisted. His own people, dwelling on the mainland a day's journey east, would have no truck with them.

"You're going back to your people now?" Cooper asked.

That was John's aim, if he could find a way to get there.

"I'll take you," said Cooper, and did.

The boat he bought was not much, nor was the price he paid. She was a tiny short-rigged cutter, her canvas weirdly patched, hull and mast rotten, engine foul with rust. He worked on her a week, then loaded her with half a thousand items from MacNaughton's trade store and, with Guruwa John for crew, bade Port Norton farewell. Three days later the Papuan pointed out to him the low green hills of Meika Islet—seemingly the most forlorn patch of real estate on the entire New Guinea coast.

The following day, having delivered John to his home village, Cooper anchored in Meika's tiny cove.

Right away he had an odd sensation of having been there before. The cove itself, hidden from seaward by curving arms of jungle; the beetle

Continued on page 24

# Honest Stan, Newcastle's unpaid Pooh-Bah

by STANLEY RUSSELL

He spent £125,000 on the best footballers for his club. Though he still pays big fees, he now demands team spirit as well as talent



Stan Seymour (right), with trainer Norman Smith, inspects Frank Brennan's injured knee. At Wembley in 1924 Stan scored a Cup Final goal for the club he now manages

**T**WO MEN WERE standing on the terraces of the Vetch Field, Swansea, on a Saturday afternoon last February, watching Swansea Town outplay Birmingham City in a Second Division Football League match. One, a Welshman, turned to his neighbour and, after praising the local side, began complaining about the scarcity of tickets for its F.A. Cup-tie with Newcastle United the following week.

His companion, a sturdy little man whose puckish face was almost hidden under a trilby hat and a huge scarf, made short non-committal replies, even when the complaints turned to allegations that Newcastle was hogging the tickets. A thought struck the Welshman, and his voice took on a more suspicious tone as he asked: "You're not from these parts, are you?"

"No," said the other hurriedly, "I come from the Midlands," and he edged away before the conversation became too embarrassing. His accent was not Welsh, nor was it Midland. An expert would have known it instantly as a rich, thick specimen of pure Geordie.

## Biggest Fight—And Fright

The stranger was, in fact, Stan Seymour, director, vice-chairman and unpaid manager of Newcastle United, spying out the strength and weakness of his club's Cup opponent. He could have watched the game in comfort from the directors' box. "But I thought I would pay my 1s. 6d. and stand among the crowd," he says. "There I could find out what the public was really thinking about the match—and about us."

After the match, he warned his players that they would have to struggle very hard to survive their visit to South Wales. Newcastle won, but only by a single goal after what one of its players described as "the biggest fight and the biggest fright we had throughout the competition."

Now Swansea has its chance for revenge. The Welsh team visits Newcastle this weekend in the third round of the season's tournament. Newcastle, Cup winner for two consecutive seasons, has won twelve Cup rounds in succession, a modern record. Seymour refrains from making any prophecy about the thirteenth. Perhaps he has learned a lesson, for normally it is difficult to stop him talking. On Tyneside, his outspokenness has earned him the nickname of Honest Stan. He is shrewd and generally says what he thinks. Sometimes it gets him into trouble.

## An Indiscretion Punished

A few years ago, Newcastle was drawn to meet Charlton in the Cup semi-final, and on the Saturday before the game Seymour visited Charlton to weigh up the opposition. Spotting a weakness in the London side, he dug a friend in the ribs and cried: "Look at that defence. Our forwards will go through that like a knife through butter." After the match was over, excitement—and honesty—made him blurt out his opinions to a crowded boardroom. The Charlton officials masked their feelings well—until the match. Then, as Seymour had prophesied, the forwards went through like a knife. But it was Charlton who did it. The London side won by four goals to nil.

Seymour was chastened, but not for long. Today Honest Stan is back on a high pinnacle as the guiding star of Newcastle.

For practical purposes Seymour is Newcastle United, a Pooh-Bah who has done everything from tidying up the dressing-rooms to deciding on the spending of a small fortune to sign a player. But, in 1909, Newcastle United rejected Stanley Seymour when, as a lad of sixteen, he was trying to break into professional football. "You're too small," officials told him. "Stick to your trade and come back to see us when you've grown a bit."

At that time Seymour was an apprentice joiner. He served his apprenticeship, and in the meantime signed for Bradford City. Then he crossed the Border to play for Greenock Morton. Six years after it had rejected him, Newcastle

Recovering from a severe illness . . .

She lived for three weeks on

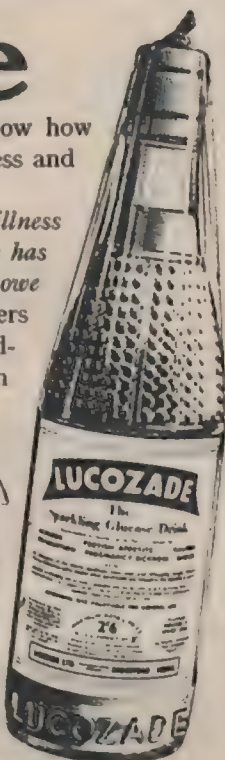
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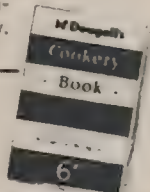
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# CROAKY?



United was begging for his signature

His great moment as a player came in the 1924 Wembley Cup Final. Newcastle was playing Aston Villa, and with ten minutes to go neither side had scored. Then Newcastle took the lead. Before Aston Villa had recovered from its disappointment Seymour was flying down the left wing, cracking into the net a shot that gave the goalkeeper no chance and finished whatever hopes the Midland side had of fighting back.

It was not until last year that the two clubs met again in a cup-tie, a third round match that proved to be Newcastle's only home game of the series. "Our victory then was the big thrill of the season to me—until I led our team on to the field at Wembley again," he says with pride.

### Unexpected Honour

When his playing career ended, Seymour temporarily severed active connection with the club. He spent five years building up a sports outfitting business, keeping his name before the public by writing in a local newspaper. Then came an unexpected honour—an invitation to join the board of the club that had once rejected him as a player. Few ex-professionals reach the Scotch-and-cigar status of a directorship, and Seymour made the most of it.

His business acumen quickly won him the confidence and respect of his associates, but it was not until after the war that he became known to every follower of the game as the man who started the transfer fee spiral.

Newcastle, an ordinary Second Division side, did not have a brilliant record in wartime soccer, but the general prosperity of the north-east meant that it showed huge gate returns at every match. Nearly a million people squeezed into the St. James's Park ground every season. They left so much money at the turnstiles that the club was becoming embarrassed by its riches.

Government restrictions prevented them from spending more than a small fraction of the profits on ground improvements, so Newcastle decided to enter the transfer market in a big way, disregarding expense in an all-out effort to capture the talent that would regain its place in the First Division. Ex-professional Seymour, as the technical expert, was the obvious choice to go big-game hunting in the soccer jungle.

He began quietly enough with a visit to his old club, Bradford City, from whom he signed a right-half named Joe Harvey, a wartime company sergeant-major, for a modest £4,500. Harvey is now captain of Newcastle and, in the opinion of those connected with it, the best in the business.

### Temperamental Stars

A few months later there came a glorious spree in which cheques were thrown right and left in an effort to build a team of stars. First came centre-half Frank Brennan from Airdrie at a fee of £7,000, followed by the signing of three forwards: Roy Bentley from Bristol City for £8,500, George Stobbart from Middlesbrough at a "bargain-rate" of £5,000, and Len Shackleton from Bradford for £13,000.

But Seymour and his co-directors were soon to learn that the exchange of a healthy bank balance for a wealth of talent did not automatically bring success. As in other forms of entertainment, temperament plays a big part in the make-up of a soccer star. Players for whom big fees had been paid were quick to point out that the price merely bought their talent, and that they were men of skill and reputation who were not to be pushed around and experimented with like unknown juniors.

Team spirit evaporated to vanishing point, and the soccer world sensed that Newcastle's golden egg was hatching into the biggest brick of all time. In desperation, a sale of players was held, and offers were invited for a dozen famous stars.

A full-time team manager named George Martin was appointed—naturally highly paid—Seymour withdrew to an advisory capacity, and eventually, two and a half years after its entry into the transfer market, Newcastle won the promotion it had coveted so

long. The effort had cost nearly £125,000, offset by receipts of about £75,000 for some of the stars who had departed. Not all involved Newcastle in a loss. Bentley raised £12,500 when sold to Chelsea; Shackleton went to Sunderland for £20,050, making a combined profit of more than £11,000.

Then, as suddenly as he had arrived, the manager, George Martin, also left for another club, Aston Villa. Seymour took the controls again, still without a salary since that would mean forfeiting his cherished directorship.

Nowadays he is more discerning, and more subtle. Rival clubs are noticing a flair for taking Third Division players and converting them into First Division stars. "Some managers still try to put the price up when they see me coming," says Honest Stan with a grin. "I don't blame them for trying, but they don't get away with it so easily now. Our supporters must have the best and I'm willing to pay high prices, but I'm not going to pay an extra £5,000 just because we are Newcastle."

This get-tough attitude has recently caused a few shocks in the transfer market. One manager, when told of Newcastle's offer, blandly remarked: "But we've already had a bigger bid from someone else." Seymour retorted: "Then I should take it, quickly. He's not worth it." The player is still in the Third Division.

Another deal that fell through was the proposed purchase of Eddie Turnbull, the Hibernian inside-left, for £25,000. Details were almost settled, and Seymour led a deputation to Edinburgh to interview the player and sign the cheque. But a Hibernian official casually mentioned that another club, Manchester United, also wanted to bid.

Seymour bridled instantly. "Then we're no longer interested. We're not going to be at the paying end of an auction," he snapped, and walked out before anyone could say another word.

### Advice At Half-time

Whenever possible, Seymour likes to accompany his team to away matches, slipping into the dressing-room at half-time to give advice and encouragement. "I've won many a match then by pointing out a weakness," he declares. "An opposing full-back may be poor on one foot, and by playing on that weakness we can get through to goal."

If he wished, Seymour could be one of the highest-paid managers in soccer. "I've had letters making me fantastic offers," he claims, "but I can't leave Newcastle. My business is here."

What he really means is that joining another club would involve turning his back on the best deal he ever made. Five minutes' walk from the Newcastle ground is a block of property which Seymour bought for £50 in his apprentice days. He rates its present value at nearly £30,000.

"That's more than I've ever paid for a footballer," chuckles the man who helped Newcastle United to a profit of £42,000 last season.

THE END

### THE HUMAN MACHINE

### Make or mar

**M**AN can not only spoil his world, but literally make it. It is entirely up to us whether it shall be sordid and mean, or noble and inspiring.

We can make our own individual worlds, too. We can concentrate on what is enjoyable and lovely, or continually find fault with petty details and become thoroughly dissatisfied. In fact, we choose for ourselves whether we become rulers or victims of circumstances.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

## THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

Continued from page 10

seats. They were Malo's men: Porfirio, Vito and The Jeep—and his mistress Maria.

Father Keogh was forced to make a superhuman effort to ignore their presence. The four who knelt differed in no way from the rest of the congregation, except for the fact that they were more attentive. They were neither over-pious nor derisive. They might have been churchgoers the whole of their lives, and they were apparently unaware of the sensation they were causing.

They appeared at benediction on the following Tuesday and at mass two days later. All four of them came to receive the sacrament of penance. They wished to mend their ways. To each one of them Father Keogh said the same thing: "I am obliged to doubt that your penitence is genuine. If and when I am able to think otherwise, I will absolve you of your sins."

When they met Father Keogh in the street, the three men raised their hats, and Maria dropped a curtsy. There was no sarcasm attached to the gesture; it was not exaggerated, and it was not burlesqued. It differed in no way from the courtesies he received from the rest of the town.

MALO presented himself at the Casa Grande and demanded Locha's clothes. She had written a note to her mother at Malo's dictation. He returned with a suitcase which Josefa had reluctantly packed.

There was no hope of adding a message to the note. She was never left alone and the door was always locked.

If Malo was out, Porfirio, Vito, The Jeep or Maria sat with her. She dreaded Maria and Vito most.

Porfirio kept up a continuous attempt to embarrass Locha with the effect of the scandal upon the town: "Your name is like a swear word in nice circles now. Nobody likes to mention it—but in the streets and everywhere else it is mentioned all right. You should hear what they say!"

The Jeep chewed his thumbnail and went out of his way to frighten her: "Upon my word, it will be bad if the priest does not pack up and go. We might have you here for life—but of course, Señorita, that would not happen. Anacleto would never stand for that. He would take you away somewhere, and your body would never be found. We got rid of someone else like that—it's not hard where the country gets wild. We could not find his grave ourselves if we looked for it now." The little cripple grinned. "I believe Anacleto will mention this thought to the priest. It might hurry him up."

She could ignore both Porfirio and The Jeep, but it was harder with Vito.

Vito pestered her, putting his hands on the back of her neck and sliding them down towards the front. When she pushed them away, he grinned at her. "What, all these airs and graces still? Do you think such things still fit? What will they say at the Casa Grande? I think you would be no more welcome there than we should now. They will think you have slept with Anacleto—upon my word, they'll be sure you have sinned."

When she made no reply, he continued to bait her: "I'm a good boy, Señorita. I confess all the things that I do to you!" Vito folded his hands and made his voice devout: "And then, Father, I have an eye for Anacleto's new little mistress from the Casa Grande—you know who I mean? I cannot keep my hands off her. What shall I do? The other day I thought she looked pleased, so I touched her again—isn't it strange for a girl so well brought up? If Anacleto found us at it—oh! my word, Father, he is jealous of his bed-rights. I think he would kill us both."

Locha turned her back upon him and stared at the flaking wall.

"Yes," Vito went on, "the priest



has a terrible time. He really looks worried, poor man. Our Porfirio, too, has bad feelings towards you—could you believe that? Fat Porfirio! 'Father,' he says—and, you know, it sounds true, he can make such a solemn, sad voice—I am tired of my wife. She is like an old turkey—all thin in the neck and all fat in the body, and she makes a turkey's noises, too. When I am drunk, I think of the fair señorita, and when I'm asleep I dream that I lie with her. This is not good, Father, for one day I might wake up and get drunk and take her—and then Anacleto would do us both harm."

When Locha put her hands over her ears, Vito continued, raising his voice, "And then, Señorita, Maria's sins! My word, they must shake the poor priest. Maria also can hardly keep her hands off you—but it is not for the same reasons. She is filled with great longings to kill you, Señorita. She says she is frightened, for one day she will do it and she begs the priest to help her, to save her. Oh! you should hear how hard she begs. He told her she ought to leave the town to get out of the way of temptation, and she said she thought his voice shook."

Vito laughed richly. "And Jeepo! Even our poor little Jeepo! Do you know what he has to confess?—that Anacleto has set him to spy on us. He is to tell him if you play around with me or Porfirio. Well, The Jeep says how scared he is—if Anacleto found out he would kill us, of course, and The Jeep does not want that on his poor little soul. Do you know what the priest told him? If Anacleto makes threats, he's to go to the chief of police! He tells that to all of us. . . . 'Go to the jefe—tell the jefe' is all that poor creature can say. He must not give away our confessions. He cannot tell the jefe himself."

Vito rolled back on the bed and shouted with laughter. Then he sat up and said soberly: "There's a fine priest for you, Señorita! He refused us absolution! He will not ask God to forgive us our sins, because he cannot forgive them himself—that's it, all right. He does not care about our salvation. It's because he cannot bear to hear the things we do to you—it makes him jealous—that's the reason. Eh, Señorita, what a fine priest!"

THE whole town was waiting. There was a silent, deadly apprehension that found tongue in Chela's voice. "Father, these ones have never been to church before. What are they doing there now?"

On his way back from the Wednesday catechism class, Father Keogh was bumped into by Malo. He knocked Father Keogh's breviary out of his hand. He bent swiftly and picked up the little black book. He opened it, and he read aloud from it blasphemous

words and a lascivious rhyme. He said: "Well, well, Father; no wonder you bury your nose in it!" Then he gave the book back, and walked on. There were loud expostulations from the bus queue which had witnessed the scene. Father Keogh hurried home.

It seemed to Father Keogh that wherever he went he met Malo face to face. Malo stood still until Father Keogh was forced to give way. He stepped off the narrow pavement and allowed Malo to pass.

There was no service in the church which was not attended by Porfirio, Vito, Maria and The Jeep. They continued to be unostentatiously polite and were never seen about with Malo.

The jefe said: "Listen, Father—it's the old alibi in reverse. Up to now Comachi has always got somebody else to take the rap. Suddenly he comes out in the open. Everyone goes to church and repents, except him. Everyone's in the clear except Comachi. Why?"

FATHER KEOGH sent for Malo. There were lines round his eyes, and his voice was weary. "I don't pretend to know what you're doing, but I know that, whatever it is, it's not to my advantage. All I can tell you is that if you continue these childish persecutions I shall be obliged to charge you with annoying me personally and get the jefe to lock you up."

Malo answered: "Do. Put me in jail. Have Porfirio, The Jeep or Maria caused any disturbances?"

Father Keogh answered, "No."

"You have no reason to lock them up, Father?"

Father Keogh answered: "You know perfectly well that I haven't."

"That's a pity," Malo said. "If anything happens to me I should worry about the señorita. Women are merciless creatures, Father, and Maria hates the girl. And then, Porfirio, Vito and The Jeep—they are not to be trusted. If I were not there to protect her, do you think she would be safe?"

Father Keogh answered slowly, "You're threatening me, of course."

Malo said: "How could I do that, Father? My liberty entirely depends on your good nature. You can put me in jail again any time you like."

Father Keogh went to see the jefe.

"So it is the alibi in reverse," said the jefe. "Now we know what he's doing. Comachi sees to it that he's the only one we could get something on. But he also sees to it that you're the only one who could get something on him. And he's counting on you being scared. Well, Father, how scared are you? What's so special about this fool of a girl? She's made her own bed—let her lie on it. She chose Comachi's company—she isn't kept there by force."

Father Keogh pleaded with him. "Jefe, couldn't you take my word for

it? I happen to know a little more than I am able to tell you. I am certain the girl is in danger."

The jefe's voice was patient. "Father, you are a man of religion. Right is right and wrong is wrong, but in law we have to prove it. I need proof, Father. Proof! Proof! And your word is not proof. I cannot arrest a bunch of men and a woman because of a veiled threat that you might have misunderstood, but I can and I shall be delighted to arrest Comachi any time you like for causing you personal annoyance. I have plenty of proof of that."

"Let me try another way first. After all, it only adds up to a series of bad practical jokes. If I ignore them, he might get tired of them."

"It sounds like the thin end of the wedge to me, Father. I don't care for this business at all."

In Porfirio's wife, Locha thought she might have found a friend. But Porfirio's wife was afraid.

"Señorita, my husband will beat me."

"But you've only to go to the priest."

"The Bad One is fighting the priest again. This time the padre will lose."

Locha had hidden the diamond buckles off her shoes. Now she gave them to Porfirio's wife. "Take this note to the chief of police." She had written:

I am being kept here by force. Comachi has threatened me with Father Keogh's death if I try to escape. I cannot possibly make the attempt. Before you try to rescue me see that the priest is completely protected. Please arrest Comachi first.

SOON after, Malo came in with the note. He smiled pleasantly at her. His voice was gentle, as he tore it up. "You should never trust someone like Porfirio's wife—what a pity you lost your buckles." Then he said: "You have a visitor. I should advise you to keep good control of yourself. It would be a pity to spoil everything now. Your priest is on the run."

Josefa dared not visit her. Dyke Brown had gone back to the States, and Don Pedro had disowned his daughter. It was Doña Marian's heels that clacked over the floor of the bar. Vito showed her up the stairs.

Malo remained in the room. For Doña Marian he might have had no existence. The interview was short. Doña Marian sat down on the edge of the bed. She waved her big ringed hands about, and the room held a sudden eddy of "Pagan Heaven."

"Now see here, honey, I don't give a darn for the whys and wherefores. You don't have a father any more, but you do have a mother. Now what do you say you and me go some place nice in the States, and set up house together? We could have no end of fun."

"Mother, would you really leave father for my sake?"

"Look, honey, it has to be that way—you know what your father is. It's all that old de Cortinez family honour stuff."

Locha leant over and kissed Doña Marian's cheek. "I know just what that would mean to you, Mother. So thank you very much. But I'm quite content to stay here."

Doña Marian made one last attempt. She did not look at Malo. She said to Locha, "Honey, you think this guy loves you? Well, suppose I were to tell you he threatened Father Keogh he'd kill you if anything happened to him. Do you think that sounds like love?"

"The señorita would not believe you, Doña Marian," Malo pointed out. "I think you trust me—Señorita?"

Locha answered: "Yes."

Doña Marian stalked past Malo. She went straight to Father Keogh's house. He was anxiously awaiting her. She flung herself into a chair and told him what had happened.

Father Keogh sat wearily back. When Doña Marian rose to go, he took her hand. He held it extra long. He found it hard to speak. "You would have had to cut yourself off from your husband, and your home—that would

have been a very great sacrifice. I—I—" He could find no way to tell her that he had never thought her capable of making any sacrifice.

The practical jokes increased. They became a daily persecution. The humiliations were petty and often absurd, and they were directed at no one else but Father Keogh. Vito, Porfirio, The Jeep, and Maria continued to play no part in them. Malo alone remained responsible. He followed the priest everywhere he went. Once, when he refused to move out of Father Keogh's way, the *jefe* sent two policemen out. One of them asked: "Is this man annoying you, Padre?"

Father Keogh said: "No, let him go."

The town was alive with uneasy whispers. There were only small signs, but they were disturbing. For the first time since Malo's return to Quantana after imprisonment, the Presidente Municipal acknowledged Malo in the street. The town was becoming divided among itself. There were those who gave Malo quick, ashamed smiles when they met him; and those who said loudly within his hearing: "He will go one too far with the priest."

Most of them had a dozen excuses to explain why Father Keogh should make no move, but some of them voiced their doubts—"This is how it began with little Father Gomez, who was here before him."

FATHER KEOGH received a note from the chief of police. "I wish to see you. I am surprised you have not wished to see me."

He went up to the station. The *jefe* said: "Now, Father, this has gone too far. I insist that you make a charge against Comachi at once. No one can do it except you."

Father Keogh sat down. "*Jefe*, you know what I'm frightened of. Comachi would keep his word."

"Let him keep it," the *jefe* said. "I'm sorry, Father, but I do not share your admiration for this girl. If she refuses to leave Comachi—let him slit her throat. The sooner he does it, the sooner I get my proof, and the happier I shall be."

Father Keogh's voice was defensive. "I feel I have a duty towards that child, *jefe*. Nothing will convince me she isn't in danger."

The *jefe* sat forward, his voice was urgent. "The whole of Quantana's in danger. You have a much greater duty towards that. You were sent here to save this town—you saved it. You gave it faith in you—are you going to take that faith away? Have you thought what the people would say if they found out you were putting the good of one girl before theirs?"

Father Keogh stood up. "*Jefe*, listen to me—she could be any girl. Any girl in the same ghastly mess."

The *jefe* said: "O.K., Father. You think it's a mess; she doesn't. You dislike him—she loves him. It's her business, not yours. But Quantana is your business. If people see you putting up with Comachi's insults, they're going to think you've lost your power against him, or your God's lost his power."

The *jefe's* eyes were too bright and his voice was not steady. He sat back, lit up a cigar, and asked gently: "You never told me what's so special about this girl."

"I did tell you, *jefe*. I said it wouldn't make any difference who she was or what she was if—"

The *jefe* interrupted. "Then I must tell you what is special about her. You're in love with her—that's what's so special."

The *jefe's* accusation astonished Keogh. He was able to reply with mild amusement, but in his own rooms, the *jefe's* words returned to torment him. Could it be true that he was in danger of putting one girl's welfare before the rest of the town's?

From the cramped quarters of his tiny study his light shone out most of the night. He spent many long hours on his knees. But there were times when he even suspected prayer of becoming an indulgence; when his

brain felt red-hot with self-doubt; when he scarcely knew whether he was praying for relief or for guidance.

The next day he hired Domingo to drive him to Huapan. He visited Father Lopez.

Father Lopez listened intently, speaking only at the end of Father Keogh's long speech. "No, no, Father, from everything you've told me—and you seem to have examined yourself very thoroughly—I am quite satisfied that your affection for this girl has not altered since you found her so greatly in need of your care. Is she fond of you?"

"I don't know. I think she used to be."

"Have you told her how hard she is making things for you? Does she know about all these indecencies that have been directed against you?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her since the day it happened. It's something I rather dread."

"Well, I should try to overcome that. Surely if she has any affection or gratitude towards you, Father, she could be made to see that she's doing you a great disservice in staying here. If not, the *jefe* is right. She deserves your consideration less than the people her selfishness might endanger. It seems to me that your duty is clear. Towards this one girl it should end. And if Comachi continues to make a nuisance of himself to you—you must charge him and get him under lock and key again."

Father Keogh could not suppress the unworthy suspicion that Father Lopez had given the *jefe's* advice in gentler terms—"let him slit her throat."

As soon as he reached Quantana, Father Keogh went up to the church. He had arranged to hear confessions and there were five penitents awaiting him. In the cool of the fragrant church four of them knelt together, the fifth sat five pews behind, with a straight back. They were the four "regulars"—Señora Martinez, Señora Solano, Señora Pereira, Señora Rodriguez—and Malo.

Father Keogh stood still and his heart thumped. His mouth was dry and his clothes still clung to him from the heat of the long, gruelling journey.

The four women turned round to look at Father Keogh. They made signs towards Malo. Malo remained facing the altar although he must have heard Father Keogh's step. For a moment Father Keogh felt faint; then he nodded to the women and hurried towards the sacristy. A bottle of water and an upturned glass stood on the dresser, and he drank two glasses quickly. He washed his hands and his face, stood still for a moment to steady himself, and then went into one of the confessionals.

His mouth was still dry in spite of the water and he hardly knew whether to be relieved or sorry when the first penitent proved to be Señora Martinez. He supposed that there must have been moments when he had felt more afraid. It seemed absurd that there could not have been, but he failed to recall them.

For a second or two he leaned back

## CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW, TV'S FIRESIDE DIPLOMAT

TELEVISION'S most ruthless questioner is Christopher Mayhew, former Foreign Under-Secretary. During the war he smuggled secret agents through the Nazi lines. At Lake Success he faced Soviet delegates with unpalatable facts about slave camps.

Now, as the B.B.C.'s star foreign affairs commentator, he seeks political trouble. So far, he has skated safely over the thinnest diplomatic ice.

Wilfred Greatorex has written a frank profile of Mayhew. It will appear

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



and closed his eyes, to wonder how it had first come about that he himself had been fettered by Malo's power. It was not easy to concentrate upon the small self-denunciations of Señora Martinez, which were even then not untinged with self-righteousness. It was difficult not to wonder whether Malo would be next, or whether he would wait until last—aware of the effect it would have upon the priest.

Malo waited until last. It was almost a relief to see the bronzed outline of that smooth face through the grille; almost as the hangman might appear as a dreaded release to the condemned man who has been haunted by him for so many merciless slow-marching days.

Father Keogh said evenly, "Anacleto, you once told me that my calling was a curious one because it lays itself open to anyone unscrupulous enough to take advantage of it."

"I did not use the word 'unscrupulous.'"

"But there are limits to the advantages that can be taken. If you are really repentant, which I'm compelled to doubt, I suggest that the best way for you to make amends is to go and confess to the *jefe*."

It was an attempt, but he knew its futility as he spoke it. There was no advantage too great to be taken of his calling while that calling still refused to admit that there was no such thing as a soul beyond redemption.

Malo said, and there was sympathy in his voice which was not easy to bear, "You do not believe that, poor friend. You are obliged to struggle for my salvation. Even while you try to save others from me, you must try to save me from myself. You know that the *jefe* could not do that . . . you will not refuse to hear my sins while there is a chance to save me from them, and you are right, because there is a chance."

Father Keogh said wearily, "Haven't I heard that before?"

Malo said, "Yes, and your answer was this—that every man has God within him, even if that man is not



"It's Mother, dear—she wants to say something nasty to you personally"

aware of it himself. In those months that we spent and talked together, you gave me thoughts of God as another limb, which the unpractised do not know how to use. But for those who can use it—what power it must have! There were times when you nearly won. But where you failed, my valiant friend, was that you could show me nothing I preferred to be. Oh, yes, your Church has miracles. She has people like you whom she does not deserve—she remains her greedy thankless self, and takes credit for people like you. That in itself is a miracle, because you do not see through it."

Father Keogh said heavily, "I am unworthy of the Church."

Malo said, "Father—I said you could help me. And in a way I am trying to help you. You have not been to the *jefe* and locked me up because you're afraid of what would become of that girl. I have caused you annoyance and you have turned the other cheek. I'm afraid I must cause you still further annoyance. It will be impossible for you to remain here, Father, and keep the respect and the faith of your flock. You are beginning to lose it already—ah, I have seen it happen before—and believe me," his voice had an odd sincerity, "I should not like to think of it happening again."

He looked directly into Father Keogh's eyes. "Not to you—I should not like to see you go creeping about, grateful for any smile that came your way, trying not to notice that nobody takes off his hat any more. Father, I should not like to see that. But if you stay here, we shall not be able to avoid it—by the time I am through with you!"

THE priest's eyes were closed, his voice was quiet when he said, "Go on, Anacleto."

Malo continued, "I am willing to help you. You may take the girl with you if you get out of Quantana."

Father Keogh's eyes opened. Then he closed them again and asked, "How could I do that when you know perfectly well she refuses to leave you?"

Malo said gently, "Now, Father, here come my sins. . . . There is nothing in the world she would like more than to leave me. I am holding her to me by force. That girl is in love with you, friend, not me—and by all the saints, how strongly that poor little creature loves! She nearly found my sympathy. She certainly found my respect."

Father Keogh's eyes opened. He turned towards Malo and his tongue touched his lips.

"I told you that once before, Father, but you seemed to think of it in the light of a joke. The faithful should not have carnal thoughts about their priests—if they do, it means that their priests become men and not priests. That is what has happened. The girl has had no attentions from me."

There was no expression on Father Keogh's face. He might not have heard Malo speak. But he took in his breath at the next words. They were said softly and reasonably.

"If you take her away, you must marry her. It is not such an unheard-of thing. Plenty of priests have been forced to marry. If you did not do that—how could I trust you, my friend? You could take her to safety and turn round and come back. You would have enough courage for that."

He smiled. "I have worked out a plan. You must send for Father Lopez. He is a fool, and if you make it sound urgent he will not refuse. I suggest that he conducts the ceremony half-way to Huapan—by the San Ignacio stone, which so many knees have worn away to give thanks that the worst part of the journey is over. Oh, I know it's not usual, but you must persuade him. The Jeep and Porfirio will accompany you, and it's surprising what difficulties can be overcome at the point of a gun. . . . What's the matter? Do you feel ill?"

Father Keogh's head was resting against the dark wood of the confessional. He opened his eyes and said, "No."

"You must not take it too greatly to

heart, my friend. There is nothing a good Catholic can't get out of. The marriage might not be valid as far as the Church is concerned, but it will serve my purpose here. My purpose is to disgrace you in the eyes of your flock. The Church would be too wise to allow you to come back. She knows when she cannot live down a scandal—and that is all I'm after, Father—to see that you don't come back."

Malo waited, and when Father Keogh was silent he continued, "I said there were sins you could save me from, and now we are coming to those. If you went to the *jefe*, Father—oh, I know you would never disclose a confessional secret, but supposing you were tempted to trick me—well, you would have to decide whether you prefer to see her alive, or to give evidence against me after she is dead. And you would be wasting your time, for that would not be possible—she would be found dead in circumstances which could prove nothing but that she had taken her own life. . . ."

Malo rose from his knees: "I am truly repentant, Father, and I want you to save my soul from further sins." He asked with interest: "Well, will you absolve me for that?"

Father Keogh answered. "I will pray for you, but I cannot absolve you. You do not need me to tell you that you're not penitent—you know it as well as I do."

He had already begun the prayer when Malo said, "In case you are still unable to believe that the Church has slipped up—why not talk to the girl? Find out for yourself how much she loves you. You may see her any time you like."

"Alone?"

Malo shook his head regretfully. "Not alone. I will be there. But you may speak together quite freely. I give you my word for that."

"I will come with you."

LOCHA lay white-faced and wretched across the bed. She raised herself up when she saw Father Keogh. He went and sat beside her. She leaned against the wall with her knees drawn up. He noticed that her legs were bare. Her lips were open slightly and under pale lashes she looked at the priest.

It was close in the tiny room. Father Keogh felt the perspiration trickling down his face and body. He said softly: "When you were a child I loved you, Locha—and to me you have never grown up. You must not stay here any longer."

Without moving her head, she looked at Malo. Then she brought her eyes back to the priest. Her chin was uppermost and her throat ran down from it, long and supple and pale-skinned. Her breasts made no blatant outward thrust as Maria's were trained to make, but they made a soft and sweet impression. The skin of her legs was as smooth as her arms, and on her knees she let three slim fingers lightly hold her wrist. Under her eyes there were faintly shadowed hollows and there were hollows in both her cheeks.

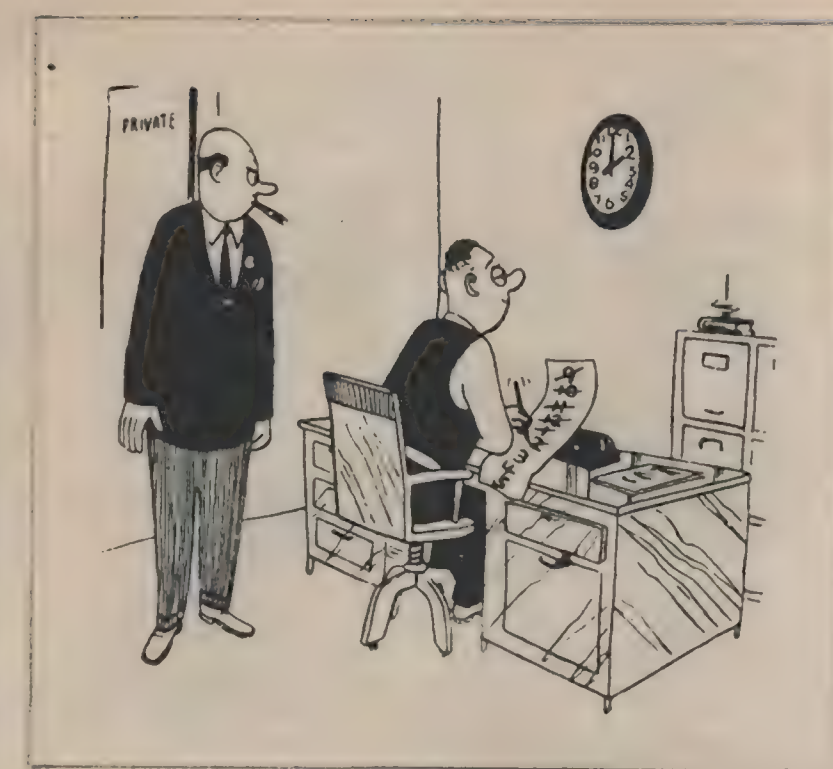
Father Keogh looked down at his hands. He wondered if it was the first time that he had noticed every line about her. He asked her, "Locha, why are you here with Malo?" He was appalled at the fear which he saw in her eyes.

She began to repeat in a parrot fashion that he remembered so well from her childhood, "I love him, I want to stay with him—"

Malo leaned forward easily, "Señorita, Father Keogh cannot tell you because it was something he has heard in the confessional, but he knows that you love him. I have told him myself."

Father Keogh was still looking down at her when she threw herself into his arms. She sighed against him—as if it were an almost unbearable relief to be in his arms at last.

She looked into his deep and troubled eyes. "I did try to fight it. I promise I did—oh, I did, I really did. You must go away—you must go!" She gave him no time to answer her. She drew her lips across his cheek and brought them tenderly back to lie



quietly on his mouth. Then she touched him a little timidly, his forehead, his eyes and his lips again. There was every caress in her fingertips. She had her arms round him, pressing herself tightly against him. He felt the bones in her body as well as the flesh. He raised his eyes slowly to look at Malo. Malo's expression remained unchanged. The two of them might not have existed for him.

Father Keogh looked down into Locha's face. "My child," he said, "my poor, poor child." She clung again to him, her chin driving into him as if it were not enough to feel him next to her, as if she felt unsafe outside him and must force her whole body inside his.

"I know it's a sin—I know it is—don't be angry—don't hate me. I couldn't help it. You were always so wonderfully kind. No one has ever been more kind to me."

He felt her kisses against him, unconscious kisses that came between her words.

He tightened his arms and held her to him. But above her head he stared at Malo.

"Oh, I love you so much. I love you, Father, not like a priest, like a man. I've had such wicked thoughts about you. I've even been jealous of Chela, Father. She sees you every day. I've hated your sister. I've hated my mother. I've hated anyone you've ever been nice to."

He was listening to all her troubled words, but he did not look at her. His eyes held Malo's.

"I've been so afraid for you. I don't remember being unafraid. I've been frozen with it. When I was little I prayed and prayed that you would be friendly with Malo, like Father Gomez. I thought he wouldn't hurt you then. If you knew how I've suffered, you couldn't be angry. Father, you must understand." It was more of an order than an appeal to him. She repeated, "You must understand. You're you—and you feel like you and you look like you, you don't look like Father Gomez. You're you and I love you. I want you so much—you made me need you, you made me want you—you shouldn't have been so kind. I love you. I love you so much."

Father Keogh reminded her gently. "But there was a time, wasn't there, when you thought you could marry your cousin Dyke Brown?"

"Yes, there was. I really did think I loved him and I came back to prove it to myself and—well, you saw what happened," she said.

"What made you run away to the States in the first place?"

She was quieter now. He was stroking the head that was pressed against his breast. She could hear the beat of

his heart and she listened to it, her eyes closed, a smile on her lips.

"Because Malo came back. I couldn't watch it all over again."

Father Keogh asked gently, "Those letters you wrote, Locha—you meant those for me?" When she nodded he said, "Why couldn't you tell me about it?"

"How could I? I knew what you'd say."

He was silent. His fingertips strayed to her lips. He felt her kiss them. Then he made an effort to move her away. She fell away from him, obedient and unresisting. She turned over on the bed, her face hidden. There was no sound to the sobs in the crook of her arm.

Malo opened the door for Father Keogh and followed him down the stairs. In the bar, the priest stood still for a moment. Then he pulled up a chair to a table and sat down with his head in his hands.

Vito's fingers slowed down on the old guitar. The Jeep slid off a stool and Porfirio's mouth hung open. Malo went to the bar and came back with a glass of brandy. "Here, Father, good for the heart."

He put the glass on the table and sat opposite the priest. Father Keogh uncovered his face to look at Malo. He pushed the glass away, and lit a cigarette. "I'll leave this town," he said.

Malo said, "I am glad, Father."

Father Keogh stubbed out his cigarette. "Shall I phone Father Lopez?"

"Yes, I think that would be quickest. The girl must stay here until you go, of course."

The other three came to the table. They stood staring at Father Keogh. He paid no attention. He was looking at Malo.

MALO said, "If you are tempted to outsmart me, Father, I should make something clear. When you have gone, I shall go to the girl. She is a noble child at heart, and you saw how she loves you. I think she would write a note—'Dear Father Keogh, I would rather die than allow you to make such a sacrifice.' That note could be found on her body."

"You've certainly thought of everything," Father Keogh said.

"I hope so," Malo said. Then he sat back and asked with interest—

"What is it they do when a priest breaks his vows? Wouldn't they excommunicate him?"

"Possibly," Father Keogh said.

"You will die by inches outside that church—it's what gives you your life. Without it you'll die very slowly, Father. It will not be a pleasant death."

"Surely you'd prefer that to seeing

me killed outright?" said Father Keogh. "So the flesh can catch out the best of us, Father? You know, somehow I never expected that it could catch out either you or me."

Before Father Keogh or Malo could reach the door, The Jeep and Porfirio pushed before them. It took under half an hour for the news to reach every corner of the town.

Father Keogh walked into the Hotel Martinez. He was preceded by Malo and followed by Vito. He asked to use the telephone.

His old friend Sam Frankenson came out of the bar. The American's face had lost most of its colour. "For Pete's sake, bud, Salvadore stopped by and said he just heard—"

"Yes, it's true, Sam," Father Keogh said shortly. "I'm going away." Malo steered Father Keogh past Sam and picked up the telephone. He called Father Lopez's number himself. Father Keogh lit a cigarette.

Sam said, bewildered, "But bud, I don't get it—that kid was nuts over Pussyfoot."

"Not any more," Father Keogh said. Malo handed him the receiver and he spoke into it. "Father Lopez, could you meet me as soon as possible at San Ignacio's stone?—Well, how soon could you make it? I shouldn't ask you if it wasn't urgent. . . ."

When Father Keogh put down the receiver, he said to Malo, "He cannot possibly be there until the day after tomorrow."

Malo said pleasantly, "That will do."

SAM caught Father Keogh's arm. "I just can't get around to believing it, bud. It's all around town that you're marrying the girl."

"Yes, I expect so," Father Keogh said.

"If you have to take a wife, bud, for gosh sakes don't pick one that works her way around until she gets to you. That kid's an all-time bitch. She had a yen for Pussyfoot when she was young enough to have her bottom smacked. Jeez! Bud, you don't know what you're buying. Pull out while you can."

Father Keogh held out his hand. "Goodbye, Sam—and thanks!"

Sam took it. "Well, it's like I said. I love you, bud. I kind of hate to see you go—I kind of hate to think that lifebelt really slipped."

Father Keogh shut himself up in his house and refused to admit a single caller. All day long they appeared at his door, from the *jefe* to the *organito*. Doña Marian called several times, and Sam tried three times within the hour.

Father Keogh wrote four letters. One was addressed to his bishop, one to his sister, Ellen-Dora. He told Ellen-Dora that if his actions should prove to be the end of him, he wished her to know that he had no alternative and that he could think of no other way out. He wrote a more lengthy letter to his bishop.

To the *jefe*, he wrote a short note:

You will have heard by now that I am leaving the town, and I want you to know that it is my own wish, so please put no obstacles in my way which might upset my plans.

Then he wrote the last and sent for his housekeeper, Chela. He said to her carefully, "I want you to take this note to the Señor Sam." He placed it into her hands and smiled at the disappointment which showed in the eyes that were swollen from crying. The note was sealed and its contents could not be relayed to friends en route.

"Now, Chela, this note is very important and very secret. You must not give it yourself to the Señor Sam. You must go up to Saturnino's, as if it was my ordinary list for the groceries. You will see that I have written my order on the back—and you must read it aloud in the shop in front of people. (Saturnino will not have half the things in stock, he never has, so you will have to leave him the note to order from. I have written instructions to him to see that the note is sent down to the Hotel Martinez among the groceries for the Señor Sam. Here is some money for him to keep him quiet."

Chela's swollen eyes brightened. "Surely, Father, if you are ordering

groceries you mean to stay after all?" Father Keogh shook his head. "No, Chela, I am leaving Quantana—and I am ordering these things for the new priest who will be taking my place. I shall be taking the Señorita de Cortinez with me. I can tell you that it is settled because I know you never gossip and would never pass it on." He kept his face straight.

Chela said without any alteration in the tone of her voice, "I could wish the Señorita was dead, Father—yes, I could; she has lead you astray. I wish she could die this night. If the Bad One would kill her I would put flowers on his grave and pray for his soul all my life."

When she met Father Keogh's eyes, she dropped her own and went out with the note. On her way to the store she crossed the market place. The Jeep followed, several paces behind. To everyone she met she whispered, "It is a secret, so do not shout it abroad—but there is no trick about this, the Father is going. He is taking the girl and will not change his mind. It is true what we heard—he has told me himself! He is ordering some things for the priest to come after him."

In Saturnino's store she read out her list. The Jeep was present among four or five people. To nearly every item on the list, Saturnino shook his head.

"Bless the Saints!" Chela exploded, "What are you—a grocer, or someone who has an empty store to sell? You must order these things from Huapan—the new Father who takes over will want something to eat."

She slapped the note on the counter and with it the money. Saturnino was puzzled at first. "There is no need to pay till I have the stuff." Then he read the list, picked up the money and flashed his teeth. "Tell the Father that these things shall be done."

**O**UTSIDE, the market place buzzed with the confirmation of Father Keogh's departure. Up till then Quantana had hoped it wasn't true.

The Jeep bore the news to Malo. "Well, it looks as if he does not intend to play any tricks—he is going all right. But it's well to take precautions. Vito shall ride ahead." Malo turned to Vito. "Wait for Lopez at Ignacio's stone. If he's alone, keep him company until the others arrive, then ride straight back to me. If he has police with him, ride back at once and meet the others. Shoot the girl, but not the priest—I would rather he lived after that—then get into the blue caves behind the Arenales Hills. Take The Jeep and Porfirio with you. If you are not back within half an hour of the appointed time, I will join you in the hills and we will get out of the country by plane . . . are you not glad that I saved what money I have left, my idiots?"

When Sam walked past Father



Keogh's window, he whistled, and held up one thumb. Father Keogh went upstairs to pack.

Malo had forbidden Domingo to drive them. He intended that Father Keogh should leave in Porfirio's cart. He wished the departure to be as slow and as humiliating as possible. He had apologized to Father Keogh when they discussed the arrangements. "The people will want a good view of you, right at the last, Father. I should not like to deny them that."

"I understand," said Father Keogh bitterly. He remembered how Father Gomez had left Quantana. "You want to give me a 'good send-off'."

"A car will meet you farther out, of course, to take you on to Huapan. I will send the cart round to your house."

When it arrived, Father Keogh put his suitcase into it and drove round to Porfirio's bar. A crowd had collected on the plaza and watched the cart draw up. There were no smiles, and no farewells for him, and the only hat that was raised was Sam's. He waved it and shouted, "So long, bud."

Inside the bar, Malo waited for him, and beside him, Locha stood. Porfirio and The Jeep lounged about. When she saw Father Keogh, Locha ran forward. Before she could speak, Father Keogh said brusquely, "Be quiet." He picked up his suitcase, but Malo stopped him.

"There is just one more thing, Father." And when Father Keogh put down his suitcase, he said, "I should

like to see proof of the weakness of flesh."

"What more proof could I give?" "You could take her in your arms and you could let me see you kiss her." The others crowded round.

Locha put her arms round Father Keogh's neck. She put her lips against his, and whispered into them: "Father, pretend—pretend."

There was the usual elusive scent to her. But he recognized it then. It had the same curious fragrance of the little white flower she had given him on his first walk down the hill to Quantana. Her body was soft inside his arms. She felt as light and as fragile as the night he had carried her all the way home after he had been attacked on the steps of the church.

The Jeep and Porfirio laughed out loud. Malo stared expressionless at the two who stood before him. They were still in each other's arms. It was Locha who broke away. She picked up her suitcase herself. She was half-way to the door with it before Father Keogh took it from her.

**H**E led Locha out to the cart. On the plaza the crowd was thick—thick and resentful and silent. Quantana was still, as the air is still before a thunderstorm. The trust he had fought so hard to win he saw dead on the face of the crowd. He saw fear and despair and misery. He saw traces of a love that had not died and, now and again, bitterness. But he saw very little hope. Then he kept his own eyes on the

ground and Locha kept her head down. The Jeep and Porfirio climbed into the cart. Malo followed to see them drive off. He leant on the point of his shoulder in the doorway of the bar.

In the cart, Father Keogh took Locha's hand, held it a moment, and put it back in her lap. Several times she tried to speak him, but he interrupted her softly: "Be quiet." Then he smiled and said: "Keep your eyes closed."

She turned her face into his shoulder and leaned against him. He put his arm about her and held her to him. He tightened the arm when the crowd booed.

They did not drive very far out of Quantana before they saw the car. A man sat smoking behind the wheel. Porfirio drove the cart into the side of the road.

It was not until she had climbed out of the cart and into the car that Locha recognized her cousin, Dyke Brown. Father Keogh prepared to follow her. He carried both the suitcases. The Jeep and Porfirio went to follow him, but Father Keogh turned suddenly round upon them. He swung both the suitcases out. One caught the little Jeep in the face and sent him sprawling backwards. The other struck Porfirio square in the chest and his gun clattered down to the ground.

**T**HE car started off at a pace that knocked Father Keogh to his knees before them. Locha's scream was not heard in the noise of the changing gears. All three men were in the dust when the car turned the bend of the mountain road and Porfirio fired hopelessly after it. There was nearly a head-on collision. The car that Malo had ordered from Huapan came speeding round the pass. Dyke had to swerve to avoid it. The driver drew up in a spray of dust. He heard the shots, put the car in reverse, turned and drove hastily back towards Huapan.

Father Keogh helped The Jeep to his feet. He was winded and his nose was bleeding. Porfirio's gun made a jab in Father Keogh's side.

"It's all right," Father Keogh told him. "I'll come back. I was always coming back." He held his handkerchief under The Jeep's nose, and asked him: "Has it stopped?" The Jeep shook his head, his eyes wide. He was frightened by the sight of his own blood. "Sit in the cart," Father Keogh said. "And keep your head back."

The Jeep slithered back to the cart again with his curious crippled movement. He sat with his head back, and his nose shortly stopped bleeding.

Porfirio said: "I don't envy you, my friend."

Father Keogh paid no attention to him. He was opening his suitcase. He put on his Roman collar. Then he turned round. "I'm ready."

To be concluded next week

## THE MANAGER'S GIRL

Continued from page 18

cliff at its inner extremity; the gleaming trickle of water at the cliff's base—the seeming familiarity of these things disturbed him. But a careful scrutiny disclosed no sign of danger, so ashore he went.

His first exploration delighted him. Coconuts and sago palms were plentiful. Fruit, wild taro and yams grew in abundance. He had to have a house, though, and here he faced a problem.

The logical site was that part of the island where the coconuts grew thickest—at Meika's western tip, a mile from the cove where his boat must lie. A pretty white-sand beach marked the spot, and he found a spring nearby, but the jungle gave him pause. What if the "bush fellas" came calling and rejected his hand of friendship? How, facing a mile of that fearsome jungle, would he manage to reach the cutter with his head intact?

He gave the matter his usual prudent consideration. Then, beginning a house, he began an escape route also, dividing his time between the two. As the dwelling took shape in a cleared space at the back of the beach, a secret path

commenced beyond the screen of lianas at the clearing's edge. Aiming straight for the centre of the island, it circled to approach the cove from the east. No inimical frizzy-head would ever expect his quarry to flee that way. Cooper was proud of it.

He was proud of the house, too. Small it might be, but every plank was hewn with loving care and its roof of thatch defied the most torrential rains.

Three days after his house was finished, he looked seaward and saw a speck on the water. The speck grew larger. It became a hollowed-out tree in which sat thirteen muscular, undressed Papuans. A fourteenth stood erect on a platform at the stern, gripping a spear three times the length of his statuesque body.

**C**OOPER flew at his preparations. From the chest under his bed he snatched an assortment of trinkets and laid them on the veranda. He made sure the back door was open. He checked the bar on the front door, which would slam behind him as he fled. Buckling on his revolver, he waited. He lost a pound of sweat as the canoe swept towards the beach. Then he blinked. The boat had stopped. Its

fourteen dusky occupants peered shorewards as if suddenly suspicious. Then he remembered. He had left his dinghy on the sand.

His callers debated while Cooper nervously awaited their decision. Then they departed. They'd be back—he was no such fool as to hope otherwise—but the showdown was postponed. He put his gifts away and returned to work.

It was lonely business. The days were full of toil, the nights unending. Then one evening just at sunset he made out a white patch of canvas—the topsail of a schooner—against the reddish glow in the west. She was a long time coming. Darkness fell. The breaking waves glowed green on the beach. The waiting seemed endless. But suddenly the moon rose and there she was, under power and furling down, creeping along the shore in search of an anchorage.

Cooper went down to the beach to investigate. Orkolo, her name was. The moon revealed it boldly black on her stern.

As for the three men on her cluttered deck—

"Well, Matthew," said one, in a familiar voice that carried sharply

across the water, "there's your island. Now what do you say?"

"I say wait and see what the morning brings before you cheer," retorted the voice of Matthew Leighton, no less surly than Cooper had heard it many a time before.

"And I say," chimed up the voice of the third man, Sawtelle, "we've our work cut out if that jungle's as thick as it looks to be."

Staggered by his discovery, Cooper returned to the house. What were they after? He knew, of course. He had seen Matthew Leighton poring over too many maps to be in the dark about the man's designs. Plantation land was what Matthew sought, whether for the company or himself didn't matter.

"Come take it if you can," Cooper muttered.

The rest of that night he spent on the veranda, waiting for dawn.

It was some time after daybreak when they appeared. In single file, Matthew leading, they marched into the clearing, and there stopped short, astonished by the sight of that trim bungalow in a place they had thought uninhabited. Cooper, revolver in hand, confronted them and there was a moment when no one spoke—when the

trio could only blink at him as at something risen from a grave.

"You're trespassing on Cooper Plantation," he said at last. "State your business and make it brief."

"Trespassing?" Matthew looked at the revolver in Cooper's hand and raised his own right hand to scratch his jaw. "I've no designs on your island, if that's what you fear. I don't work for the company any more. When my honeymoon's over, I'll be quitting New Guinea for good."

Desolation swept the defiance from Cooper's face. Matthew, noting the change, stepped towards him with a smile of innocence.

"That's right," Matthew said. "Laurie, my wife, is aboard ship—we'll have her ashore presently. First, show us what you're up to here, eh?"

Cooper faltered, lifting his glance to look through the trees at the schooner lying off the beach. He felt stunned.

"Did you say your wife?"

"Yes, my wife—since the day before yesterday."

Cooper was no good after that. With all rebellion shocked out of him, he stood aside and let the three men enter his house.

"You've done yourself proud," Matthew said. "And I see you've enough coconut trees to make a go of things. But what if the frizzy-tops come calling, and you here by your lonesome?"

"I've a boat," Cooper replied indifferently.

"Have you? Where?"

"In the cove yonder." He raised an arm to point. "A mile down the shore."

"But could you reach her if they jumped you? That's wicked jungle, friend."

"I can reach her. I've a path prepared."

"He's got a path prepared," said Matthew, turning with a chuckle to the others. "Isn't that like him, though? He looks to the future, Cooper does. I always said so." Admiringly, he nodded while stepping backward. And then, with a hand on the railing by the steps, he drew his pistol. "But you've a longer path to walk now, Cooper."

He fired twice. The first bullet went wild and splintered the door frame because Cooper, startled, took a sideward step. The second went into his body under an uplifting arm and dropped him in a twitching heap.

MATTHEW, lifting the revolver from Cooper's belt, gazed at him without feeling. "We can dispose of him later in the sea," he said, "and burn his house and boat. I want no tales told by some wandering trader. Here now." He whipped a map from his pocket. "This is what we came for, and we'd best be getting at it."

But then he looked at Cooper again, and smiled.

"Mr. Cooper," he said, brandishing the map, "do you know what this is? It's a map of your island. And this"—he wagged a notebook page over Cooper's crumpled form—"is a letter which no doubt you've seen before."

"Look, Matthew," protested Torpe, "we haven't time—"

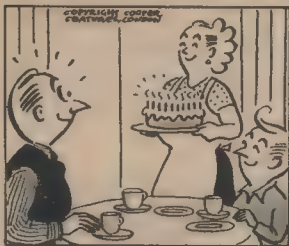
Matthew ignored him. "Let me tell you about this letter, Mr. Cooper," he went on, enjoying his triumph. "It was written by a man named Tommy Clark, dead now, a gold digger who made Port Norton his headquarters before the war. Tommy was just back from the mountains with a fortune in gold when the Japs came. He escaped in his boat and hid his gold on an island. But when he wrote his letter to Mr. Sawtelle here, his partner at the time, describing the island and telling where the gold was hidden, he quite forgot to name the island or locate it. Now do you understand my interest in maps, Mr. Cooper? I've looked at them until I'm nearly blind, trying to find an island to match Clark's description. And this—this is it."

"Matthew," said Torpe uneasily, "this man's not dead. Perhaps I ought—"

"He's dead enough," Matthew retorted, smiling. "Come along."

So they went, with no more concern

## OH, JOHNNY!



for Cooper than they would have felt for a dying dog. Only Cooper didn't die. When a measure of strength crept back, he struggled to his feet, stumbled into the house and cleared his head with a swallow of whisky. His escape path—that was it. If he could reach the cove, he'd live to fight another day, in spite of them.

INTO the jungle he went, by the back way. His tunnel through that terrible twilight was easily followed. He'd never neglected it. Doggedly he pushed on, surviving wave after wave of weakness, and presently he reached a high ridge of rock from which a good part of the island and surrounding sea was visible.

He looked back at the clearing where his house and hopes lay abandoned. He gazed at the schooner where his dream lay dead. Beyond the ship, three strange objects moved on the glittering sea. He looked at those.

They were native canoes bristling with war spears, making straight for Meika. The anchored schooner, with Laurie Wray on board, lay directly in their path. Laurie Leighton, you mean, he corrected himself. It made no difference. Had she been wedded to the Devil himself, it would have made no difference. And Matthew could not warn her. Deep in the jungle, he would not know what had happened until the spears encircled him.

With salvation in reach, Cooper turned his back on it. He made for the beach where the schooner's boat lay, and shoved it into the sea.

To his surprise, his hail went unanswered as he clambered to the ship's deck. The vessel seemed deserted. He sent a glance at the approaching canoes and stumbled towards the cabin.

A thumping halted him. Wheeling, he fell to his knees by the hatch and worked it open, releasing an oven blast of stale air from the hold and revealing an upturned face so white and drawn, so different from the face he remembered, that he scarcely recognized it.

He lifted her up. "I'm hurt! You'll have to help me!" he gasped, and pushed her forward. "Man the windlass if you know how! I'll start the engine!" That was all. Her imprisonment baffled him, and the look of gratitude she gave him was one he had never dared hope for, but there was no time for talk. Those three carved canoes were advancing like sharks on a drowning swimmer.

The engine wheezed. Forward he stumbled to help with the windlass, and aft again to the wheel when the

anchor let go its grip. Swinging the ship, he aimed her at the oncoming dugouts. "Watch yourself," he told Laurie.

The canoes drew apart. Spears glittered in the sun as the schooner ran the gauntlet, but only one clattered on deck; the others fell short. Angry shouts followed, then paddles flashed and the dugouts moved shoreward again.

Cooper shut off the engine. There was no breeze. The Orkolo lazed on a flat sea a mile offshore while its two occupants watched the canoes fan out and disappear one by one into the mangrove swamps.

"Miss Wray."

"Yes, Mr. Cooper?" she said, facing him in the cockpit.

"I'm afraid your husband is in danger and I don't see how we can help him. Not that he deserves helping."

"My husband?"

"Matthew."

"Matthew isn't my husband," Laurie said, peering strangely at his wan face. "Whatever made you think he was?" She came closer to examine his wound. "Wait," she said then, and hurried to the cabin.

The bandaging took some time. "We had a report that one of the workers at the plantation was ill," she said while working on him, "and I went to see. It was in the evening, day before yesterday. Matthew was very drunk. No one else was at the house, but the schooner—this one—was at the pier and I heard voices."

Cooper looked at her. "You're not Matthew's wife?" he said dazedly.

"I'm telling you. When Matthew made advances, I warned him to behave himself. That infuriated him. He was horribly drunk, as I've said. He can be savage when drunk—I learned that in Port Moresby long ago. I fought him, but he carried me to the ship."

Cooper's big hands began to tremble.

Laurie went on: "The other two didn't like it, but he wouldn't listen. Next day—yesterday—he tried to excuse himself. He never would have seized me if he had known what he was doing, he said, but now it was done, he proposed to make me thankful. He showed me a map and a letter—"

"I know about those. He couldn't forgo the pleasure of telling me."

"But they didn't know you were on the island," Laurie said, "and I did. When you disappeared from Port Norton I made inquiries. Old Mr. Dobler told me where you'd gone. So last night when we anchored, I tried to swim ashore to you, but Sawtelle caught me and Matthew shut me up in the hold."

"You'd have come ashore to me?"

"I tried."

He stood up, his face grim. "I've been a fool. When Matthew told me you came to Port Norton to marry him, I believed him."

"I came because the company sent me."

"He bragged of the things you and he did together in the evening, while I sat alone at the plantation eating my heart out."

"I never went out alone with him, Will. I knew better."

Cooper groaned. "Laurie, listen to me."

But he was interrupted. A shout reached them from the beach. Turning, he saw three figures at the jungle's edge, shaking their fists at him. Matthew and the others had discovered the loss of their schooner.

He saw something else. Above the

cove where his own boat lay rose a thread of smoke. Thickening, it formed a blue-black column against the sky. The men with the pig bones in their noses had found his cutter.

"Are there weapons in the cabin?" Laurie went to look, and returned with a rifle and revolvers.

"When it's dark, we'll go in and take those men off," Cooper said. "It's the only way. They can row out in my dinghy and come aboard one at a time and be locked in the hold."

With night falling, the schooner moved shoreward, its engine gently throbbing. Then a shot shattered the quiet; a second report sent birds squawking from the treetops; a third was answered by challenging taunts from unseen natives.

"They've been attacked," Cooper declared, shaking his head. "But there's an escape route to the cove. They know about it. We can pick them up there." He went forward to stand by the windlass and, cupping his hands to his mouth, sent a yell toward the house, "Hallo ashore! Make for the cove! The cove!" From the clearing came an answer—Matthew's voice—urging haste.

SHOWING no lights to betray his intentions to the frizzy-heads, Cooper took the ship along shore. It should have been simple. But presently from the forest behind the impassable mangrove swamps came frantic sounds of flight.

"They're trying to go through the jungle! The fools!"

He heard a shot. The night swallowed the sounds and disgorged a man's voice—Sawtelle's it might have been—frenziedly yelling. A second shot. Silence again. By the wheel of the creeping ship, Laurie clung to Cooper's hand. Then, nearer the cove, a gun spoke thrice, rapidly, and the voice of Matthew Leighton cut through the echoes, screaming. This time the ensuing silence was complete.

At dawn the canoes departed and Cooper ran the Orkolo into the cove where the gutted shell of his cutter still smoked. Leaving Laurie on board with rifle and revolver, he went ashore.

Sawtelle, the onetime gold hunter, he found not far from the house. Matthew Leighton had managed a greater distance, halfway to the cove. The third man, Torpe, he did not find at all, though he discovered footprints leading into the worst of the mangrove swamps and called vainly for long moments in hope of an answer.

From Matthew's pockets he took the map and letter, and went inland. He knew Meika. In his weeks of lonely residence he had explored every knob and ridge. He went straight to the limestone cavity enriched years before by Tommy Clark, and it was no great task to haul aside the rotten log blocking its entrance. . . .

"We're a long way from being millionaires," Cooper said, emptying the chamois bags at Laurie Wray's feet. "Matthew would have been disappointed after all his trouble. Still, it's money in the bank if we need it, and I could have the manager's job at Port Norton, I expect, if I asked for it."

"That would be nice."

"As for this place, we'll hold it in reserve. A man should have a care for the future."

"And faith in himself," said Laurie. "That's important."

Cooper held her close, and there was new authority in his gentleness.

"Why, yes, a man needs that, too," he agreed.

THE END



"I must go now—George will be home soon for his supper"



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AND YOU'LL LOVE

# SPANGLES

The new sweet treat by MARS

## I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS

Continued from page 15

seems to lumber along, slow and unhurried, as clumsy as can be. Do not be deceived. He is just as agile in attack as in flight, and when it comes to battle he is an all-out slugger. He can gallop when he has to and make good time, but his best gait is a trotting stride, wobbly but steady, like a hula dancer's contortions. He can maintain this awkward trot all day long, provided he has not had too much to eat.

Food is his Achilles' heel. He will gorge himself until he can hardly stand up, then trundle off and fall asleep, snoring like a sergeant, so dead to the world that the hunter can often walk right up to him without waking him.

For the pleasure of gorging himself, *Nanuk* will take any kind of risk. He will walk right into a camp filled with dogs and men, and even into a shack. Seal is the only food he really likes, and what he wants is the blubber.

## Stuck In Igloo Door

One night the *Krilogok* family was fast asleep. A noise in the snow porch awakened them—the sound of contented sniffings at first, then angry growls. When they investigated they found that a bear had stuffed himself on all their blubber, then got stuck in the narrow passage. Finding it impossible to back out, he seemed to be determined to push his way right into the igloo, where there was no gun. *Krilogok* grabbed his knife and cut his way through the wall. Then he got his rifle and shot the beast point-blank while he was still trying to extricate himself.

For some reason, experiences with bears, even dangerous ones, seem always to have a humorous side. One October night at King's Bay, we were all asleep, warmly rolled up in blankets. Bears were far from our minds. In his rickety shack beside the mission house, Tom *Kanguak* was dreaming. Suddenly Tom's little daughter, *Nona*, woke up with a start at the noise of a window being shattered near her head. *Nanuk* had shoved his head through the opening and was just having a look around, searching for something to eat, or maybe just curious about the monstrous noises Tom made as he snored in his sleep.

*Kanguak* woke up fast when his

daughter cried out, took a look at the bear, and frantically searched for a weapon. There was nothing. No rifle. No knife.

Meanwhile, the bear regarded him curiously, seeming to ask what all the excitement was about, and snorted. This infuriated *Kanguak*, who grabbed a bottle from the table and flung it desperately at the bear, hitting him on the snout, the bottle bursting like a hand grenade. *Nanuk* shook his head in bewilderment, disgusted by Tom's lack of hospitality, and made a temporary withdrawal.

Tom could not find his rifle and ran towards the mission house, hoping to get mine. The bear barred his way. Tom ran around the mission, hoping to approach from the other side. There was the bear, sitting on my doorstep. Tom pelted him with rocks and the

I die, I'll see to it that ye are not able to do harm to my Polly dear."

Tapping with her old rowan stick, gnarled and bent as herself, the crone stumped away, muttering.

Molly Breen's boat was moored below the cottage. It was divided into two compartments. In the one she spent her days making herbal remedies and receiving such customers as dared to come to her. In the other she slept and talked with her parrot.

When some of the boys had drink taken it was their sport to drift a small boat quietly alongside the hulk in the dark to overhear Molly. If they were lucky she would behave for all the world as though it was himself, her late husband, who spoke through the parrot's beak.

"Is she in pig, do you tell me?" Molly would ask, and get a squawk for an answer. But even such a reply seemed to make sense to her and she would continue with the one side of the conversation.

By standing on a thwart, a man might see the pair of them through the bit of a window in the hull, Molly with her head on one side like the parrot, listening, and the dirty green bird looking at her, devilish with its red-rimmed yellow eyes. It would be enough to put the heart crossways in you.

ONE night Jer woke with a sense of terrible cold that began in his bones and filled all his flesh till it raised the hairs on his arms and legs.

He was so sure it was due to the passing of Molly's soul that, though morning was still far off, he got up. His clothes were on him already, his



"Jam, please"

bear, still good-humoured, shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Well, if that's the way you feel about it . . ." and ambled off towards the sea. He would have called it quits then, but by this time Tom was really angry. He found his rifle and sent a few bullets after him just as the bear took to the water.

At dawn, Tom was proud of his adventure. "I'm pretty sure I hit him, *Falla*," he said. "I think I'll go and see."

Sure enough, when Tom went looking, he found *Nanuk* a mile or so away, sitting on a little hill, licking a wound in his thigh. As he approached, the bear eyed him curiously, seeming to remember that this fellow's lack of hospitality was at the bottom of all the trouble. He sat cogitating for a few minutes, then charged downhill towards Tom at full gallop. Tom wildly

blazed away, and the bear finally fell, a few feet from him. Tom had just fired his last bullet.

"You know, *Falla*," he said later, "that *Nanuk*, he almost made it!" Killing a bear on the ice is not quite so simple. The fight is apt to be more interesting, and more dangerous, although, if there is no wind, or the wind direction is against the bear, you may be lucky enough to catch him off guard.

One windy November day I was off by myself on the open ice. The ice was thin, and I was watching two landmarks I had picked out to warn me if I started to get off my trail. Then I glanced to the right, and my heart began to pound. About four hundred yards away a big bear watched me, seeming to be trying to make up his mind about the kind of gravy he would have with me for dinner.

The bear took off, with my dogs on his trail, and we really covered ground. Two or three times *Nanuk* turned, seeming about to stand and fight, but each time he changed his mind, frightened off by my pack of howling wolves.

When he finally stopped, worn out, we were less than fifty yards away, but I could not shoot. I was afraid I would only wound him, and lose some of my dogs when the beast grappled with them. I wanted the bear to go into the water. Finally he did so.

## Bullet In His Mouth

I wounded him twice before he faced about. When he came in towards me, swimming fast, I was shoving a new clip into the magazine. He was not ten yards from me when I fired again, putting the bullet right into his open mouth. That got him. I took my little canoe from the sledge and paddled out fast, but when I reached the bear I became a bit cautious. He was not floating in quite the right way.

"Well," I thought, "he's just one of those fat ones."

I grabbed his head, starting to hook him by the ear so I could tow him into shore, and just as I touched him his head moved and his jaws flashed. I pushed him away and my canoe jumped ahead. Then I fired again, and this time I really killed him. But I had very nearly shaken hands with a quite live bear.

NEXT WEEK: Murder, theft and polyandry among the Eskimos

## MOLLY BREEN, DECEASED

Continued from page 13

plenty of people who would get off the road when they saw her coming.

No one knew how old she was, not even herself, and she was ailing. It was a measure of Jer's gratitude to her that though he knew that there would be money as well as freedom for him at her death, he still could not will it to happen.

Yet he was afraid of her and of her queer ways. He was not surprised to find her waiting for him when he turned into the yard. She looked as sour as a green apple.

"Jer Breen," she shrilled before the cart came to a halt. "Is there no work to do that ye waste my time in town?"

"No waste," he answered with a confidence he did not feel. "I went to have this yoke fixed." He pointed to a cream-separator lying in the straw of the cart.

"Ye were in Brattle's."

"I was not."

But he knew it was useless to deny. She waved a gaunt arm at the pink-washed cottage. "My house and my land and my stock will all be yours, yet there's not a hand's turn out of you!"

He was clumsy while unhitching the ass.

"What made your thumb sore?"

"'Twas Polly."

"Polly would not be doing a thing like that unless you hurted her! Murdering the sweet creature, is it? And me an old woman with no strength to lay my hands on you. I shall soon be dead, so I will." Her voice took on the fall of the keen. "And ere I die, Jer Breen, and ere

boots beside the bed. He put on an old army greatcoat, took a hurricane lantern from its hook on the wall and tramped down to the river.

He could hear the parrot screeching before ever he reached the hulk, an unholy noise which overwhelmed him as he opened the door of the midships compartment. The cage lay on its side on the floor with Molly Breen stretched out beside it. One swollen hand still clutched the ring at the top. Like a statue Jer stood, holding the lantern aloft. The parrot fell silent. The light seemed to strike sparks from its eyes. There was no sound at all save for the suck and bubble of the water.

"It's a cod," said the parrot, and Jer broke through his paralysis of fear. He grabbed the cage and took it to the open side of the boat.

"No cod," said he. "She is as dead as you will be in a minute." It only looked at him. "Down to the bottom with you," he added, and lowered the cage till it touched the water. But he did not let go. He was enjoying this. Twice he raised the cage and then lowered it again to the full length of his arm, but the bird would not cry out. It kept its unwinking eye on him. On him? Or was there someone standing behind him? The dread sense of cold swept through him again, and a whiff of the musty smell of Molly's clothes drifted up from the open door. He took the cage back and set it beside the body.

"There you are, Auntie," he said. "I was thinking maybe you'd be wanting Polly where you're going."

The bird rocked on its perch and began to screech. It seemed to be

mocking him for not having the courage to drown it. Jer hurried away but the sound followed him. Even when he could no longer hear it, the echo seemed to run in his head, and the cold was still with him. . . .

Still with a head on him from the wake, Jer went to the lawyer's office. All the years of his toil and the rough side of Molly's tongue seemed to have been worth it that afternoon. He had already bought himself a new suit and was wearing it with a collar and tie which made him feel that it was a Sunday. His heart glowed because he had not had to pay for the suit: credit was a magical thing that had not previously come his way. As he waited to be called into the office, he turned over in his mind with pleasure means for the destruction of the parrot. He had forgotten the threat to stop him doing it any harm.

"Mr. Breen," the lawyer began. "As might be expected, your aunt's will is an unusual one. There is a condition. . . ."

"Never mind the condition, Mr. Casey dear," Jer said impatiently. "How much is it?"

The solicitor put the tips of his fingers together and looked at Jer over the top of his spectacles.

"In the matter of capital," he said, "I fear there is no provision for you, Mr. Breen—" Then, as Jer was about to leap from his chair, clutching the furry black hat he had bought along with the suit, "—but you will be well provided for. Sit down."

Jer made himself lean back and tried to follow what was being explained to him, but it was difficult because of the pain that was in his

head. At the end of the talk he thanked Mr. Casey and went out into the wintry drizzle. He began to walk slowly towards Brattle's with a puzzled expression and a thankful heart. In his pocket was a roll of money that the lawyer had given him as an advance. There would be more every quarter-day, enough to free him from the need to work. He was sure of that, but the rest had been difficult to understand.

It seemed that the pink cottage and the rest of the property, including the old boat, were not his to do what he liked with, but for his use only. He could see no harm in that. The realization of how near he had been to losing everything nearly stopped his breath. The old witch had him caught. Had he killed that bird he would now be penniless; for the condition was that he should enjoy his inheritance only so long as he looked after Polly. Even if Polly should die a natural death there would be no more money for Jer.

Mr. Casey had been kind to point out that parrots live more than a hundred years. Jer hoped this one was healthy. He remembered how sudden and how strong had been his conviction, as he held its cage over the dark water, that he must not harm it. The thought made him shudder, and the line of his lips was hard; but he was light-hearted again by the time he turned into the bar. Enough money to live on was the main thing, and he had that. He had even enough to hire a labouring man, who should live on the boat and look after Polly. That way he wouldn't be seeing the bird and yet old Molly's condition would be fulfilled. She would not be best pleased though, for it would surely have been her vindictive intention that he himself should minister to the creature he hated.

Brattle welcomed him with a fat smile like a crease across his face. Jer grinned broadly back. Such geniality was rare in the morose Brattle. What little there was of it he kept for his most lavish customers. And am I not the bucko with a pot of gold, thought Jer, deciding to order whiskey. "A ball o' malt," he said in a commanding tone.

WHEN he started home that evening, he was drunk enough to have to leave the road to the ass, and he woke up, not in the yard of the cottage, but down by the hulk. The donkey's mistake seemed to him a grand thing, and he pulled its ears affectionately, murmuring endearments, before he staggered up the gangplank and went below. In his clouded mind was a conviction that now was the time to be telling that bird who was boss.

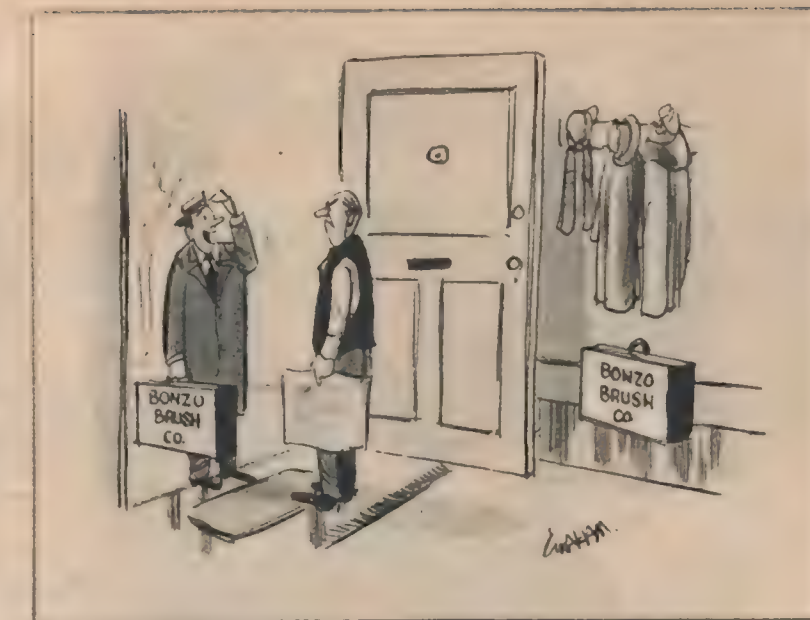
The cage was on its table as usual, the bird alert but silent. Since Molly's death it had taken to pulling out its feathers so it looked as though it was moulting.

Speaking carefully if thickly, Jer told the parrot about the will. He finished by shaking, as close as he dared, his balled-up fist, the size of a cabbage-heart.

"'Tis no thanks to me you are alive this minute," he said, "but alive you will stay if I have to cram my own food down your scrawny neck. Quiet you will be or I'll keep you in the dark. Mind me now, you blatherskyte. From now on I am the boss."

"It's a cod," said the parrot, and Jer took a swipe at the cage. But the wires only spread apart under the impact, so that he had to risk getting bitten while he forced them back into place. Whatever happened, the bird must not get the chance to escape. It cackled as he worked with the wire, and in his fuddled mind the sound was like Molly's senile chuckle. He felt again the touch of fear, and the cold came on him as it had done the night she died. He stumbled out of the cabin and away home, fearful to look back lest he saw her standing in her shroud.

For all his fat, Brattle was an observant man and sharp as a ferret among other people's affairs. It was near harvest-time when he concluded that, if he went on the way he was



going, Jer would soon be in the rats; but it was not the drink which was the prime cause of his troubles. The boys thought so, but Brattle knew better. In his view Jer Breen was possessed.

When he had first touched money he used to be the cock of the bar, gay, open-handed, a good drinker but seldom drunk. He had them in fits with his tales of old Molly. He was quite smart, too, and shaved nearly every day, a fine lad and powerful. Now he was drinking more than his money allowed, yet he got no good from it, but remained sour and silent. If anyone so much as mentioned Molly or her bird he'd put up his fists and no argument. He was still a good fighter though he had lost weight.

He had even gone back to wearing his uncle's trousers, and would come in straight from the land with the muck still on his boots. No, thought Brattle, he can't last much longer, and then I'll lose one of my best customers. I'll have a word with him next time he's in by himself. I'll ask him straight out, so I will, what plagues him, is it herself walking by night, or a banshee maybe.

Jer was surprisingly amenable. Even his combativeness seemed to have forsaken him. He begged the publican to stand him a drink, and in exchange answered questions, listlessly and without evasion. It seemed as though he thought the parrot had some power over him as well as binding the property with the thin thread of its life. He even dreamed of it. On such occasions it usually talked fluently and in Molly's own voice. Shrewdly, Brattle concluded that fear was the whip on Jer's back. He had been right in the first place: the lad was possessed. He was no coward. How otherwise could he become mortally afraid of a caged bird?

"Go away a while," he advised Jer. "Go to Leopardstown races and make yourself more money. You think that bird has power over you but it has not. There's nothing to it but a beak and a few feathers. It's a cod."

At the last phrase, Jer jumped as though at a pistol shot and began to tremble. "Don't say those words," he said. His voice was so low Brattle could hardly hear. He straightened up and went out, not looking farther ahead than the toes of his big black boots.

Brattle sighed. It was worse than he had thought.

The next news was that Jer had put the labouring man up at the house and himself taken over the hulk. Nor did he often leave it even to go up to his bit of land. He never came to town.

At Brattle's suggestion, some of the boys played their old trick, and drifted a boat alongside where they could hear anything that went on within the rotting hull. Sure enough, poor Jer was sitting there doing just what his auntie used to do, talking to the parrot.

Brattle then revealed his plan, and gained a full vote of confidence. Next

day, he took the train to Dublin. There he managed to find a parrot so like Polly that even Jer would be hard put to it to tell the difference.

The very next day, Jer was called to his stock by an urgent message, and while he was away the new parrot was installed. The old one was taken to Brattle's; for no one, when it came to the point, was bold enough to kill the creature.

Brattle mocked them for being so squeamish, but they showed no fight, preferring to leave the shop in silence. Behind them Brattle shot the bolts of the door and put on the chain. For once he did not mind turning away custom, even at ten o'clock on a fine harvest night.

The bird was in a biscuit tin on the bar. He could hear its claws on the metal when he picked it up to move it closer to the stove. He was quite clear as to what had to be done. A witch must be forced through the gate of fire and her ashes cast into running water. Failure to make proper arrangements for the disposal of such people, whatever their shape or appearance, could have most unpleasant consequences.

Brattle intended to be extremely thorough.

He got out a chopper and split some sticks to make a quick, hot fire. These he laid on newspaper sprinkled with paraffin. He lit the stove, made sure that flames were roaring up the pipe, and returned to the biscuit tin. He eased off the lid and, as it came away, made a grab for the bird inside. But he was too slow. The parrot hopped on the counter. Brattle swiped at it but missed, and the bird took wing to perch on a shelf that was out of reach without a pair of steps.

Brattle was more put out than was reasonable. He cursed the bird and shambled round, poking at it with a bit of stick, which only made it flit from one unreachable perch to another. Then the fat man realized it was making a fool of him. He forced himself into a cruel calm. First he went to fetch a fishing-net, and with that the bird was caught. Brattle tied a cord round the neck of the net, and laughed to watch the creature tearing at the stout threads with its beak. Then he bashed it with the flat of the chopper, lifted the hot lid of the stove and tipped the bird in. The lid fell back with a clang and the fire crackled loudly in the quiet room.

For a few moments the man stared at the closed stove, then went over to lean against the bar. He felt sick, weak, and in a way, sorry. He was vexed for feeling that way. What had he done but do a good turn for a friend and put an end to a bird? Why should the fear be on him? It was almost as though he had killed a man, or a woman.

He went round behind the bar and poured himself half a tumbler of whiskey, which he drank straight. He felt better then, but began to have absurd doubts as to whether the creature was really dead. The heat

from the stove was making him sweat, and the room was full of the stink of burning feathers.

Someone was rattling at the door, a determined rattle. Brattle started as though the Guards were outside and he a murderer. He shuffled to the door, drew the bolts and opened it as far as the chain allowed. It was Jer Breen out there, the moon behind him making him seem darker and taller than ever. He was grinning like a boy.

"A miracle," said he, pushing into the room, "I had to tell you first."

Brattle's eyes narrowed. He poured a drink for them both and waited, wondering why the lad had not noticed the smell of the feathers or that the stove was alight.

"Well?" Brattle asked.

"God forgive me," said Jer, "I was minded to kill Polly, even though I lost everything. I was going to do it tonight."

Brattle was as unwilling to move, as though he was being watched by a snake. Jer took his expression for incredulity.

"'Tis the truth I'm telling you," he said. "Didn't I go up to the cage just now with a bag in my hand, and I opened the little door and made a grab for Polly. I was that scared, I was going to burn her, bag and all."

Brattle lifted his glass and his hand shook.

"Polly leaped on my shoulder," Jer said, "and she sat there sweet and easy. She is changed entirely and I am a free man." He spoke like one, too.

By the time Brattle got rid of Jer, the stove was cold and the whiskey inside him had largely banished his fears. His purpose was unchanged. He knew for his soul's sake that the task he had undertaken must be completed that very night.

Most carefully, he raked the ashes out of the stove and put them in the biscuit-box, then, with the box under his arm, he walked out into the moonlight. The river ran like oil of silver under the moon's zenith, and the old white hulk gleamed against the far bank as though it were freshly painted.

He crossed the road and followed a fisherman's path to the old ford where he could conveniently dispose of his charge. But the river was low: he had forgotten that. Only still water lay in pools under the bank, so he had to clamber down and pick his way towards the stream. Even when he came to it, the flow was so sluggish that he decided to go on a little farther even if he got wet feet. So he lumbered into the river, like a clumsy animal going down to drink. He had dropped the lid off the tin which he was holding in front of him. The water was up to his knees before he felt the tug of the current and decided that he had come far enough.

He let the ashes dribble into the water. As he did so, he noticed a light go up in the old hulk. Jer must be home. The shaft of light reached out to him and he heard Jer's voice. Talking to the parrot, was he?

The voice came indistinctly over the water and Brattle pressed on, straining to hear what was being said. The light went out to reappear on deck. Jer was standing there with a lantern in one hand and the parrot's cage in the other. He was grinning wildly and yet talking to the bird, quiet and steady, the way a man would talk to his horse. Brattle put on speed. Ripples wedged away from his thrusting legs. Jer stepped up to the gangplank.

"Ah, poor Polly," said he. "And I was after thinking there was a devil in you when all the time it was the drink in me. Bad drink it must have been, too, and an evil man that sold it."

Brattle's mouth opened to roar out his indignation, and at that moment he stumbled and fell. The water closed over his head and when he came up again he was already downstream of the hulk; for the current in the dredged channel was swift enough to challenge even a strong swimmer. And Brattle could not swim. Without looking back, Jer went on his way to the farm, well content.

THE END

**TAKE IT FROM ME***Continued from page 9*

practice periods on the roof of the school, which was flat and covered in by a dirty old iron cage. On this roof I learned to play cricket, but I never really enjoyed the game because I was terribly windy of getting hit. I developed a special evasive stroke when batting whereby, as soon as the ball came my way, I simultaneously took a little jump backward and pushed the bat forward.

However, when I eventually became Head Boy, I was reluctantly included in the 1st XI as a matter of prestige. I was so notoriously bad that I was always put in last bat and made to field at longstop. In the *Choristers' Magazine* dated October 31, 1935, my weakness in the game was summarily exposed: "Edwards—a player of considerable bonhomie but little skill; is overcome with laughter when bowled, usually for a duck; a useful field."

**Glutton For Chocolate**

One of the senior boys there was an enormous bull-necked lad with glasses and a pimply face. His name was Charles Groves. He had a tremendous appetite, and used to sit at his desk, his head buried in an absorbing book, his left hand moving mechanically between his mouth and a half-pound slab of chocolate. He would go on like that, without taking his eyes off his book, until he became aware that the slab of chocolate was demolished. Then he would crunch up the wrapper, throw it away, and start on the next slab.

Since, at eight, a boy was not expected to have much knowledge of music, every probationer at St. Paul's was paired off with a senior boy during choir practice. The senior boy, with his superior knowledge, was supposed to take the youngster's hand in his and beat time with it in order to instil into the little brute a sense of rhythm.

I was paired off with Groves. There were no half measures with him. He gripped my hand in his great red paw and on each vigorous down beat bashed my knuckles against the desk. So we would forge ahead through a Te Deum: "Ouch! two, three, four. . . Ouch! two, three, four." More recently, this same Charles Groves was the brilliant conductor of the B.B.C. Northern Orchestra and, after that, the Bournemouth Municipal.

In 1932 my mother went on a visit to her home in New Zealand, and it was while she was away that my father grew dangerously ill. When I went to visit him in hospital my childish mind was shocked to see how frail and old he looked. He seemed just a shell of a man. It was no surprise to me when, one morning after breakfast at school, the Head called

me into his study and said, "You will be sorry to hear your father died last night."

From then on, funds for future education were lower than ever, and my brother Alan left school to go to work. When he was eighteen, he became a mounted policeman, and often came round to the school to see how I was doing. Hughie, aged fourteen, went to sea as an apprentice. He had always been attracted by the profession of our neighbour, the ship's captain.

The routine at St. Paul's was, naturally, closely bound up with the routine of the cathedral, and a great deal of our time was spent singing there, or in practising. Matins was at eleven every morning; from two until three there was choir practice; and we visited the cathedral again at four for Evensong. On Sundays, we dealt with Matins, Evensong, and an extra service at seven in the evening.

When I was fifteen, I became Head Boy, mostly, I think, because I was then the biggest and oldest in the school. Now it was my turn to bash a probationer's hand on the desk at choir practice, and I also bullied my fag mercilessly. Every Thursday, when we were issued with our sixpence pocket money, I used to make him put it into a money-box while shouting in his ear, "Economy is the source of wealth."

This was in 1935, and the King George V Silver Jubilee Service was held in the cathedral that year. The whole cathedral was filled with gorgeous robes and the pageantry of the event impressed me greatly. It was an exciting day, and the Head Boy so far forgot himself as to raise his eyes from his prayer book to stare at the King and Queen, who were kneeling a few yards from him. Later we were all thrilled to be issued with the Jubilee Medal, and on the following Sunday proudly wore them on our surplices.

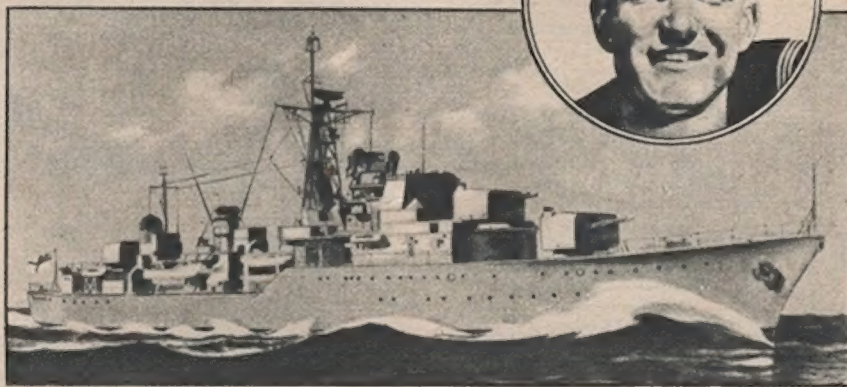
**Jimmy's Melodrama**

In 1935, too, I arranged and organized a play of my own. I won't say I wrote it—nothing was ever committed to paper—but it was all mine. Naturally, I had the star rôle.

The play was a melodrama called *The Seances*. I took the part of an old lady, the hostess at a card party. Suddenly, in the play, one of the guests discovered that her necklace was missing. I, as the hostess, decided to hold a seance to find out who had stolen it, and the lights were switched out. In the darkness, someone screamed. I switched the lights on. At my feet, the owner of the necklace lay dead.

"Send for the police!" one of my guests cried. "No need for that," I said. "We will hold another seance and find out who killed her."

With the lights off again, another

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**TAKE MY TIP**

I always wrote myself a shopping list, and half-way through the shopping I always lost it. "What you need, Mum, is a list tied to your nose," remarked my daughter sweetly. I didn't take that advice, but I find that a list written on a tie-on label and tied to the handle of my bag or basket is a great help.

Ruby Bint, Blackheath, S.E.3.

JOHN BULL pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to **TAKE MY TIP**, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



of a few headaches, I soon became the best bugler in the band.

As I have explained, I scraped through School Certificate with five credits, just enough to exempt me from matriculation. It was generally agreed in the family that I should be the one to try to emulate my father and become a schoolmaster. So I settled down to working for an English scholarship to Cambridge.

Very soon the English master called me aside. "Edwards," he said solemnly, "it's pretty obvious you're wasting your time. You'll never win this scholarship."

This was no surprise to me, as I had been doing little or no work, but, once more, the music-loving master came to my rescue when he heard about it. "Don't give up," he said. "Did you know that it was possible to get a scholarship into a college by singing?"

"How?" I asked, delighted with the idea.

"Well, they do have choral scholarships," he said.

"But I can't sing well enough."

"Nonsense!" he said. "With your experience in the Choir School you can manage it."

"All right, I'll put an application in," I said, but without much confidence.

### The Singing Test

When the time came for the singing test at St. John's College, I journeyed alone to Cambridge to take it, in an acute state of nerves. In the chapel, I found about a dozen others, all equally nervous, waiting for the audition. I had no illusions about my voice and based my hopes entirely on the fact that I had been trained at St. Paul's. I prayed, too, that the others would founder in their experience.

We sat at the end of the chapel and were called up, one by one, to sing. My turn came at the end. I was convinced, by then, that all the others were far better than I was—and they were, at least in voice quality.

The organist, Robin Orr, who was conducting the audition, finally said: "Mr. Edwards!" I walked nervously forward. He gave me the note of G. "Now, Mr. Edwards," he said, "recite The Lord's Prayer." I did so. As soon as I had finished, he played the note of G again. Miraculously, I was still more or less on the note. So far so good. He asked me a few straightforward questions and I answered them. I was trembling and my palms were hot and moist.

Then he asked: "What have you chosen to sing?"

"The Wilderness," I replied, and felt suddenly sick at my choice. I'm not going to sing it, I thought, I'm in it. But I did sing it, terribly conscious of the gravelly quality of my voice. "Thank you, Mr. Edwards," Robin Orr said. "You will be kept informed."

### A Double Surprise

To my great surprise and pleasure, a day or two later I received a note saying that I had the scholarship. I was still sure that all the other contestants were better singers than I was. I believe it to this day.

When I went back to St. John's to begin my first term, Orr greeted me after choir practice. "I see you still have that nasty cold, Edwards," he said.

"Cold, sir?" I replied, looking puzzled. "I haven't got one. My voice is always like this."

He turned pale. During the audition he had made allowances for the roughness of my voice, thinking I had a cold in the head! But it didn't matter now. I was in.

Next week Jimmy Edwards describes his adventures as a Cambridge undergraduate. "Take It From Me" will be published in February by T. Werner Laurie at 10s. 6d.

### FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 18 is of Margaret Lockwood as a child.

## THREE CASH-plus-TV PRIZES head AWARDS value over £1,000!

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Now add yourself and your family to the viewers with a *Bullets* set, ready for historic viewing in this Coronation Year. This week's triple TV offer means three opportunities for you to win a big *Bullets* cheque and TV with your coupon below.

### JOAD ON "BULLETS"

Why are "Bullets" envied by the famous philosopher and broadcaster, Dr. C. E. M. Joad? Reserve your FREE copy of *Bulletin* dated Jan. 31 with coupon below and read his forthright article



### HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Ready For The Coronation  
Wheels Of Progress  
Charles And Anne  
The Lion Has Wings, So  
In Mother's Eyes  
Shadow Over Africa  
Deafening  
Scared The Wolf  
When A Boy  
Slow Poison  
It's Very Tough, But  
With Interest  
Holding Her Breath  
Awkward Squad  
Branded  
At First Sight  
Hollywood Heart-throb  
Like An Eskimo  
On A False Scent  
Down In Sleepytown

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

The Policeman's.....  
Standing By The.....  
At.....'s Mercy  
In Case It.....  
A Little .....  
To Get Rid Of The.....

### POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,868 (or Xword 820), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"IDEAL HONEYMOON" OFFER NEXT WEEK!

### "Bullets" Winners 1,864

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Television: W. G. Prior, 57 Windham Avenue, New Addington, Croydon.

Turn Over A New Leaf And Greet Your "Great Year"!

£50: E. N. Bellas, 185 Oak Avenue, Newton-le-Willows: ARMS, HOUSING, HEALTH—"CANDIDATES" FOR TWO "VACANCIES"!

£25: Miss C. Walsh, 425 High Street, Cheltenham: AT THE SAFE DOOR—SCIENTISTS—NATURE'S "DYNAMITE" INSIDE?

OTHER AWARDS. £10: E. Steele, Gorgie Station House, Slateford Road, Edinburgh: BIG BUSINESS—CRIES "COMPETITION!"—CREATES CARTELS! £9: B. Armer, 26 Strong Close Way, Keighley, Yorks: THE NEW MENACE—H-BOMB? Each BOMB! £8: H. L. Edwards, "New House," Martley, nr. Worcester: TERRIBLY APT—THAT "H" ENDS EARTH? £7: J. Finlay, 5 Percy Gardens, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne: THE TEA MENACE—"STAINS" BRITAIN'S TIME-SHEET. £6: Mrs. A. M. Gibbins, 59 Worrall Road, Clifton, Bristol: OLD BRITISH CUSTOM—GROUSING—THEN, AT IMPROVEMENTS! £5: H. A. Clarke, 11 Kennington Road, Luton: WITH HATE IN HIS HEART—BLACK OR WHITE, MENACE. £4: L. E. King, 71 Sunnyside Road, Chesham, Bucks: ON THE PEACE SHIP—DOVE SETTLING? DUST SETTLING!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "Bullets" *Bulletin*. 50 *Bullets* Season Tickets and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

**RULES** 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated February 7 and in JOHN BULL dated February 14), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, January 31, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,868 result.)

**NOTE.** You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in the same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

## CASH AND FOOD PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

### This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any one, two or three Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

### Across Clues XWORD 820

1. It's easier to do this in the dark
4. It's wise to distrust deep this
5. If unaccustomed to this on river, it's apt to make one rather apprehensive
8. Young children fairly often do this quite unconsciously
11. Some are not at all musical
12. Dogs run in these
13. It may be a little frightening if you can't get out of it

### Down Clues

1. Is often observed on market day in busy country town
2. Some flowers do pretty well under this
3. Any commercial enterprise will need money to
4. Washing day produces these
6. A lot of strong drink goes into them
7. Soon shrinks in the process of grilling
9. Years of poverty must often have made a person
10. Sometimes proves pretty hot

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### 2 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 816

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1. Shop. 2. Rugs. 6. Crimes. 8. Heat. 10. Bell. 12. Face. 13. Revels. DOWN: 1. Shack. 3. Grape. 4. Neat. 5. Vim. 7. Rivers. 9. State. 10. Beau. 11. Lot.

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Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 23 entrants, each of whom receives "Johnny-Basket" in addition. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up.

### WIN £100 and FOOD PRIZE with this COUPON

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to one Clue will represent two full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to two Clues will represent four full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Jan. 31.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

|      |              |           |
|------|--------------|-----------|
| CLUE | EXTRA ANSWER | Total Fee |
| No.  |              | 6d.       |
| No.  |              | 1s.       |
| No.  |              | 2s.       |

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